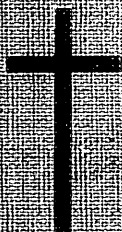


IN HIS PRESENCE



*Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy Presence will avail to make.*

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IN HIS PRESENCE

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IN

POETRY AND PRAYER



*Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy Presence will avail to make!*

*Given by
William J. Chalmers.*

HALL'S BOOK SHOP
BOSTON

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to authors and publishers of collections for
the quotations used in these pages.

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In loving memory
of one who lived
In His Presence

The verses, prayers and other selections in this book, with a few exceptions, have been in use at the Pro-Cathedral, Phoenix, Arizona, appearing week by week in the *Sunday Bulletin*, edited by Dean Scarlett. Many of them have also been used in the Class in Personal Religion. They have played a real part in strengthening the spiritual life of the parish, and have been of such value to the sick, and to those in trouble, that it is believed they will prove helpful in a wider field.

The prayers are from various sources, and are, for the most part, personal rather than intercessory, their purpose being the deepening of the spiritual life, through the practice of the Presence of God, and through service.

"We are constantly being taught to concentrate the mind; we must also learn to concentrate the soul." It is this spirit that has led to the offering of this collection, in the hope of helping to a fuller and more abiding consciousness of The Presence.

L. H. J.

WHITSUNDAY, 1917.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD

In Thy Presence is fulness of joy.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy Presence will avail to make!
What burdens lighten, what temptations slake,
What parchèd ground refresh as with a shower.
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all the distant and the near
Stand forth in sunny outline brave and clear.
We kneel — how weak! We rise — how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong?
That we are ever overborne with care?
That we should ever weak or heedless be?
Anxious or troubled? When with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee.

— Trench.



But God is never so far off
As even to be near;
He is within: our spirit is
The home He holds most dear.

— Faber.

Grant me, O Lord, a sense of being near,
 Of touching Thy dear Hand whene'er I need,
 A sense of having Thee beside me, here,
 At desk, at table, when I walk or read;

As one who in the valley may abide
 Goes to the hilltop for a rarer air,
 So, on the heights may I, with Thee beside,
 See far horizons, heavens more broad and fair;

And finding life in richer plenitude,
 Nor shackled by the cares from which I flee,
 May fill each moment with the sense of good
 Which comes, O Lord, from knowing more of Thee.



A WORD FROM THE EAST

O servant, where dost thou seek Me?
 Lo! I am beside thee.
 I am neither in temple nor in mosque;
 I am neither in Kaaba nor in Kailish;
 Neither am I in rites and ceremonies, nor in Yoga and
 renunciation.
 If thou art a true seeker, thou shalt at once see Me: thou
 shalt meet Me in a moment of time.
 Kabir says: "O Sadhu! God is the breath of all breaths."

—"Songs of Kabir," Tagore.



O Master, let us walk with Thee,
In lowly paths of service, free;
Teach us Thy secret; help us bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help us the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach us the wayward feet to stay
And guide them in the homeward way.

Give us Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company;
In faith which keeps work sweet and strong —
In trust which triumphs over wrong,

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace which only Thou canst give —
With Thee, O Master, let us live.

— Washington Gladden.



Oh, brother men, if you have eyes at all,
Look at a branch, a bird, a child, a rose, —
Or anything God ever made that grows, —
Nor let the smallest vision of it slip,
Till you can read, as on Belshazzar's wall,
The glory of the Eternal Partnership.

— E. A. R.



“BE STILL”

Not in the tumult of the rending storm,
Not in the earthquake or devouring flame,
But in the hush that could all fear transform,
The still, small whisper to the prophet came.

O soul, keep silence on the mount of God,
Though cares and needs throb round thee like a sea,
From supplications and desires unshod
Be still, and hear what God will say to thee.

Oh, rest, in utter quietude of soul;
Abandon words, leave prayer and praise awhile;
Let thy whole being hushed in His control
Learn the full meaning of His voice and smile.

Not as an athlete wrestling for a crown,
Not taking heaven by violence of will,
But with thy Father as a child sit down,
And know the peace that follows His “Be still.”

— M. R. Jarvis.



I searched for God with heart throbs of despair,
'Neath ocean's bed, above the vaulted sky;
At last I searched myself, my inmost self,
And found Him there.



How near to us, O God, Thou art!
Felt in the movement of the heart;
Nearer than self Thou art to each,
The truth of Thine indwelling teach.

Eyes art Thou unto us, the blind;
We turn to Thee ourselves to find;
We cannot open a door of prayer,
But Thou are seeking entrance there.

Thou fill'st our being's hidden springs;
Thou givest our wishes heavenward wings;
We live Thy life, we breathe Thy breath,
And in Thy Presence is no death.



Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes.

— E. B. Browning.



ST. PAUL

Of't when the word is on me to deliver,
Opens the heaven and the Lord is there;
Desert or throng, the city or the river,
Melt in a lucid Paradise of air, —

The Presence of God

Only like souls I see the folk thereunder,
Bound who should conquer, slaves who
should be kings, —
Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder,
Sadly contented in a show of things; —

Then, with a rush the intolerable craving,
Shivers throughout me like a trumpet-call, —
Oh, to save these! to perish for their saving,
Die for their life, be offered for them all!

Oh, could I tell, ye surely would believe it!
Oh, could I only say what I have seen!
How should I tell or how can ye receive it,
How, till He bringeth you where I have been?

— Frederic W. H. Myers.



Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

— H. Bonar.

THE DWELLING PLACE

Dawn; and a star; and the sea unfurled;
And a miracle hush hanging over the world;
And I standing lone by the edge of the sea —
When, lo, God came and spoke to me.
He spoke to me, and I hid my face,
For a wide, white glory illumined the place.
And I bowed me, trembling: "O God," I cried,
"Is it here Thy Presence Thou dost hide?"

"Hast Thou always dwelt 'mid the sea and sky
In the hush that quivers when day is nigh?
I have sought Thee long, but have sought in vain,
Through years of trial, through nights of pain,
And all the while Thou wert waiting far
In the wave, in the dawn, in the paling star!
Had I known, O God, of Thy dwelling place
I might long ago have seen Thy face!"

But God made answer, "Not in the star,
Or the dawn, or the wave, did I wait afar.
O child of mine, I was close to thee —
Thou wert always held in the arms of me.
But only now are thine eyes unsealed
And my ever-presence to thee revealed.
Go, turn thee back to the world of men;
Thou shalt never search in vain again."

“ On the darkest days thou shalt see my light,
My eyes shall look from the eyes of night;
In the voices of children my voice shall ring,
My splendor shine in the humblest thing.
Thy daily task — it shall thrill with me,
For I shall be near to commune with thee.
O child, this moment thy breath is mine.
Hush — listen! My pulse beats now with thine.”
Dawn; and a star; and the sea unfurled;
And a miracle hush hanging over the world.

— Angela Morgan.



O God, I thank Thee!
With every glowing part of me,
From the whole heart of me,
I thank Thee, God!

— Angela Morgan.



My Presence shall go with thee.

— Exodus 33:14



Just to be alive is our opportunity; to have the power of laughter and tears; to sound the depths of love; to take part in a game where the farthest stars are the goal; to be conscious of the infinite need about us; and of our ability with the help of God to satisfy that need; yes, more, to be aware of life ablaze with the Presence of God, and to enter into companionship with Him — who wants a greater opportunity than this?



Many people kneel down and read a few words out of a book and think they have prayed. Then they wonder that “saying their prayers” does them so little good. If they try to pray instead of to “say their prayers” they will understand.

Printed words are useful and doubly useful when we know them by heart. But they are only the scaffolding; we must build for ourselves.

To pray aright, begin by placing yourself not only in the presence but in the eternal hands of God. Rest in Him first of all.

You can rest anywhere—you can close your eyes and relax your bodily energies, and shut the doors of your soul against outside things, opening them thus to God,

at any time — when you are riding to work, or when you are sitting at home, or walking in the streets. I do not think that God will ever become real to you unless you do this somehow. When you begin to do it, a great peace will fall upon your life, the peace that comes from being in harmony with God. Fret, and worry, and anger, will pass out of your life; and in all you do you will have the thought of God's love singing in your heart. Thus you will have learned to pray without ceasing.

With all thoughts shut off, except the thought of God, the spirit of God will sink into your soul, and all your being will rest in harmony with Him, if you isolate yourself from all worldly things and keep your soul open to God. These moments are most precious, and as you learn their value you will love to rest longer in the Silence. In it you learn to know God; in it your soul changes, because the life of God passes into it; in it, too, the ills of the body can be removed by the life of God, which is the life of the body as well as of the soul. For man is not a body possessing a soul; man is a soul possessing a body. And the power of God removes ills from the body as well as from the soul; Christ brings holiness and health to those who believe, now as much as when He walked in human form upon the earth. Rest in Him, and He will change you into conformity with Himself.

— Percy Dearmer.



As we look about us does not life reveal two kinds of persons, two kinds of fighters? One man fights in the darkness; the other in the light. One struggles along the path of life alone, sometimes terribly, terribly alone; the other is never quite alone, is always conscious of a Presence, sometimes very real, sometimes vague, but always there — a Presence which is personal, powerful, and purposeful. One drifts along from day to day without any settled plan; the other aims at something, — “O, if I could only be like Christ! If I can only live so near to Him that something of His Spirit will descend upon me! So understand Him that I may catch His faith, His convictions and His radiance! How much I might do! What a life it would be!”



I want to live, I want to live, if God will give me help, such a life that if all the men in the world were living it, this world would be regenerated and saved. I want to live such a life that, if that life changed into new personal peculiarities as it went to different men, but the same life still, if every man were living it, the millennium would be here: nay, heaven would be here, the universal Presence of God.

— Phillips Brooks.



A young minister wrote to Phillips Brooks asking him the secret of his power. Part of his answer is here quoted:

“Indeed, the more I have thought it over the less in some sense I have seemed to have to say. And yet the more sure it has seemed to me that these last years have had a peace and fullness which there did not use to be. I do not think it is the mere quietness of advancing age. I am sure it is not indifference to anything which I used to care for. I am sure it is a deeper knowledge and truer love of Christ.

“I cannot tell you how personal this grows to me. He is here. He knows me and I know Him. It is no figure of speech. It is the realest thing in the world. And one wonders with delight what it will grow to as the years go on.”

— Allen's Life of Phillips Brooks.



We cannot escape the dangers which abound in life, without the actual and continual help of God; let us then pray to Him for it continually. How can we pray to Him without being with Him? How can we be with Him but in thinking of Him often? And how can we often think of Him, but by a holy habit which we should form of it? You will tell me that I am always saying the same thing: it is true, for this is the best and easiest method I know, and as I use no other, I advise all the world to use it. We must know before we can love. In order to know God we must often think of Him; and when we come to love Him we shall then also think of Him often, for our heart will be with our treasure. This is an argument which well deserves your consideration.

— Brother Lawrence.

That which distinguishes the Christian religion from any other form of religious life is the joy which is at its heart.

Christ was a diffuser of joy. That, of course, is the profoundest reason why men and women loved to be with Him. The joy which He possessed Himself was imparted to all who came in contact with Him. "He let the sunshine through."

What was it that made Him so joyful? There is one phrase which tells us a part of the secret, the phrase in which He says, "I am not alone, because the Father is with Me." He never faced life alone, because He was always conscious of the Presence of God His Father. How very much of the gloom of life is due to the fact that we are not conscious of that Presence, that we face life, as it seems to us, alone.

But Christ faced life in the companionship of God. He was never alone. He carried all burdens, He determined all questions, He faced all problems with the Father as His companion.

The other secret of our Lord's joy is that He lost Himself in love and service for those about Him. That was the other outstanding characteristic of His life.

"That My joy may remain in you. That My joy may be fulfilled in you." That was the prayer of Christ for His disciples as it is His prayer for us to-day, that we may share in that unconquerable gladness which lay at the heart of His life.

— E. S. R.

Here is the great last certainty. Be sure of God. With simple, loving worship, by continual obedience, by purifying yourself even as He is pure, creep close to Him, keep close to Him. Be sure of God and nothing can overthrow or drown you.

— Phillips Brooks.



The only real way to "prepare to meet thy God" is to live with thy God so that to meet Him shall be nothing strange.

— Phillips Brooks.



Do not forget that the God you seek is seeking you.



Let us quiet ourselves as in the presence of God, realizing that "God's greatness lies around our incompleteness; round our restlessness His rest."



O God of peace, who hast taught us that in returning and rest we shall be saved, in quietness and in confidence shall be our strength; By the might of Thy Spirit lift us, we pray Thee, into Thy Presence, where we may be still and know that Thou art God; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



Bless us, O God, with a sense of Thy Presence and Companionship, that in the strength of it we may walk as children of light.

Open wide the windows of our spirits, O God, and fill us with light; open wide the doors of our hearts that we may receive and welcome Thee as the Guest and Master of our lives.

Take our lips and speak through them; take our minds and kindle them with thoughts from Thee; take our hearts and wills and set them on fire to do Thy will, and to serve Thy children. Amen.



O God, our heavenly Father, renew in us a sense of Thy Presence, and let it be a constant impulse within us to peace, and trustfulness, and courage on our pilgrimage. Let us ever hold Thee fast, that so the unbroken communion of our hearts with Thee may accompany us wherever we are, whatever we do, through life and in death. Teach us to pray earnestly; to listen for Thy Voice within; and never to stifle its warnings. Behold, we bring our poor hearts as a sacrifice unto Thee; come and fill Thy sanctuary, and suffer naught impure to enter there. O Thou who art Love, let Thy divine Spirit lead us in the right way till we pass into the land of promise; through Jesus Christ. Amen.



Deepen and quicken in us, O God, the sense of Thy Presence. Make us to know and feel that Thou art more ready to teach than we to learn. Grant us dignity in our own eyes, by taking us into Thy service. Humble us by laying bare before our eyes our littleness and our sin. Then exalt us by revealing Thyself to us as our Counselor, our Father, and our Friend; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



O God, our Father, in Whom is Light, and Peace, and Rest from all anxiety — we come into Thy presence, seeking strength and quietness of heart and mind.

Open the eyes of our spirits that we may see Thee; open the ears of our spirits that we may hear Thy voice speaking to us; quicken our spiritual faculties that we may respond to the pressure of Thy Presence, and know Thee as our Friend and great Companion.

Show us here an invisible world far better than we have dreamed of.

Help us always to believe in the best that we know, and the best that our hearts have hoped for; and so deliver us from haste and dismay, and set our daily lives before us in the quiet light of Eternity. Amen.



Heavenly Father, Thou knowest our need of Thee, for Thou didst place it there; Thou knowest our desire for Thee, for Thou understandest our thoughts and longings, though unexpressed. Help us to seek Thee aright, that we may find Thee, — not by groping without, but by looking within; not searching for Thee in signs and wonders, but rather in every higher impulse that stirs in our minds, in every whisper of love that moves in our hearts, in all the holy aspirations which awaken in us a thrill of wonder and longing; in our sympathy for the weak and the suffering, our helpfulness to those in need, our indignation in the face of wrong, our desire to do Thy will, O God. Teach us that these are but the stirrings of Thy Presence in us, — deep speaking unto deep. Then shall we understand the words of Thy Son, “Not here, nor there, but — the Kingdom of God is within you.” Then shall we face life with a high heart, for we shall know that Thou art with us always. Amen.



O God, by whom the meek are guided in judgment, and light riseth up in darkness for those who seek Thy Presence; Grant us in all our doubts and uncertainties the grace to ask what Thou wouldst have us do; that the spirit of wisdom may save us from all false choices, and that in Thy light we may see light, and in Thy straight path may not stumble. Amen.

Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for hours of communion with nature, when through this fair veil of earthly things we have seen Thy great glory shining in upon us. We bless Thee for quiet hours, when the soul in solitude has been filled full with Thee; for sweet thoughts which none but ourselves have known; for songs in the night when Thou hast held our eyes waking. We bless Thee for the good others have done to us; for that which we have been enabled to do for others; for the tenderness and love we have received and for that which we have given.

Grant to us that peace which passeth understanding; the peace of God, the Father of our spirits, and the Master and Guide of our lives. In tender childhood Thou didst lead us on; now when older children Thou wilt lead us still. For the past, in the present, in the future, in the daytime and in the night watches, in the dark valley and in the glorious country of our hopes, yea, in all places of Thy dominion, Lord, we praise and bless Thee for Thy goodness and for Thy love. Amen.



O God, the strength of all those who put their trust in Thee; grant that we may be more than conquerors over all that makes war upon our souls, and enter into perfect peace in Thy Presence. Amen.



O God, our Father, whose Presence is ever about Thy children wheresoever they be, so fill our hearts with trust in Thee that at all times we may commit ourselves and those we love to Thy never-failing keeping; confident that Thy sustaining strength is sufficient for every need; and believing that Thy fatherly care and protection will shield us from all evil, if we will but look up to Thee, and love, and trust. Keep us steadfast in this faith, for Christ's sake. Amen.

THE INNER LIFE

If with all your hearts ye truly seek me, ye shall ever surely find me.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend.

— Tennyson.



The weary one had rest, the sad had joy that day,
And wondered how?
A plowman singing at his work had prayed,
“ Lord, help them now.”

Away in foreign lands they wondered how
Their feeble words had power?
At home the Christians, two or three, had met,
To pray an hour.

Yes, we are always wondering, wondering how,
Because we do not see
Some one unknown, perhaps, and far away,
On bended knee.

THE MONASTERY OF THE SLEEPLESS MONKS

High on a hill in the Orient land
Stands a convent, old and gray;
At the midnight knell of its chapel bell
All the monks arise to pray.

And sweet is the legend they tell to me,
And sweet may it be to thee;
For the monks they pray, as their beads they say,
For the sleepless on land and sea.

For all who awake to suffer or sigh,
And for all, O Christ, who sin —
The incense of prayer floods the silent air,
And rises the holy hymn.

High in their nook on the steep mountainside,
Which rises fair from the sea,
When tapers burn low, through the dim aisles go
Monks praying, perchance, for thee.



Ask God to give thee skill
 In comfort's art,
 That thou mayest consecrated be
 And set apart
 Unto a life of sympathy;
 For heavy is the weight of ill
 In every heart,
 And comforters are needed much
 Of Christ-like touch. — E. H.



JUDGE NOT

Judge not — the workings of his brain
 And of his heart thou canst not see.
 What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
 In God's pure light may only be
 A scar, brought from some well-won field
 Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.
 — Adelaide A. Procter.



A CREED

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
 I would be pure, for there are those that care.
 I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
 I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
 I would be friend of all, — the foe, the friendless;
 I would be giving, and forget the gift.
 I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
 I would look up — and laugh — and love — and lift.
 — Howard Arnold Walter.

TO-DAY

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray.
Keep me from stain of sin and wrong
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

Let me be swift to do Thy will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say,
Set thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray,
But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

— Bishop Wilberforce.



LOVE EVER GIVES

Love ever gives, —
Forgives — outlives, —
And ever stands
With open hands.
And, while it lives
It gives.
For this is Love's prerogative, —
To give — and give — and give.



There are who hold life like a precious stone,
Hither and thither turning it to see
The rich light play in its mysterious depths;
And other men to whom life seems a bridge
By which they pass to things which lie beyond;
And others still who count life but as wine
In which they drink their pledges to their friends.
But then there are to whom life's dearness lies
In that it is the pressure of God's hand
With which He holds our feeble hands in love,
And makes us know ourselves in knowing Him.

— Phillips Brooks.



A LITANY FOR EVERY DAY

Not that there be less to bear,
Not that there be more to share;
But for braver heart for bearing,
But for freer heart for sharing,
Here I pray.

Not for scenes of richer beauty,
Not for paths of lighter duty;
But for clearer eyes for seeing,
Gentler hands, more patient being,
Every day.

Not that joy and peace enfold me,
Not that wealth and pleasure hold me;
But that I may dry a tear,
Speak a word of strength and cheer
On the way.

Not that I at set of sun
Measure deeds of greatness done;
But that when my feet shall pass
To my low tent in the grass
One may say,

“Speed thee well, O friend, who gave
Freely all thy heart did crave;
Love and truth and tenderness,
Faith and trust and kindliness,
In thy way.”

— Sharlot Hall.

MY LITTLE SELF

I came out alone on my way to my tryst. But who is
this that follows me in the silent dark?

I move aside to avoid his presence, but I escape him not.
He makes the dust rise from the earth with his swagger;
he adds his loud voice to every word that I utter.

He is my own little self, my Lord; he knows no shame,
but I am ashamed to come to Thy door in his company.

— Tagore.



WHY NOT BEGIN?

Whether the time be slow or fast,
Enemies, hand in hand,
Must come together at the last
And Understand.

No matter how the die is cast
Nor who may seem to win,
You know that you must love at last —
Why not begin?

— Witter Bynner.



SOMETIMES

Across the fields of yesterday
He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad just back from play —
The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully
Once he has crept within,
I wonder if he hopes to see
The man I might have been.

— Thos. S. Jones, Jr.



THE VESTURE OF THE SOUL

I pitied one whose tattered dress
Was patched, and stained with dust and rain;
He smiled on me; I could not guess
The viewless spirit's wide domain.

He said: " The royal robe I wear
Trails all along the fields of light;
Its silent blue and silver bear
For gems the starry dust of night.

" The breath of Joy unceasingly
Waves to and fro its folds starlit,
And far beyond earth's misery
I live and breathe the joy of it."

— A. E.

CREDO

Christ of Judea, look Thou in my heart!
Do I not love Thee, look to Thee, in Thee
Alone have faith of all the sons of men —
Faith deepening with the weight and woe of years?

Pure soul and tenderest of all that came
Into this world of sorrow, hear my prayer:
Lead me, yea, lead me deeper into life.
This suffering human life wherein Thou liv'st
And breathe'st still, and hold'st Thy way divine.

'Tis here, O pitying Christ, where Thee I seek,
Here where the strife is fiercest: where the sun
Beats down upon a highway thronged with men,
And in the raging mart, oh, deeper lead
My soul into the living world of souls
Where Thou dost move.

But lead me, Man Divine,
Where'er Thou will'st, only that I may find
At my long journey's end Thy image there,
And grow more like it. For art not Thou
The human shadow of the Infinite Love
That made and fills the endless universe!

— R. W. Gilder.



LIFE THAT SHALL ENDLESS BE

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

— Geo. Matheson.



ANCHORED TO THE INFINITE

The builder who first bridged Niagara's gorge,
Before he swung his cable, shore to shore,
Sent out across the gulf his venturing kite
Bearing a slender cord for unseen hands
To grasp upon the further cliff and draw
A greater cord, and then a greater yet;
Till at the last across the chasm swung
The cable — then the mighty bridge in air!

So we may send our little timid thought
Across the void, out to God's reaching hands —
Send out our love and faith to thread the deep —
Thought after thought, until the little cord
Has greatedened to a chain no chance can break,
And — we are anchored to the Infinite!

— Edwin Markham.



Kings of the soul's out-searchings,
Kings of the far ideal —
Poets, philosophers, prophets — the Christ —
Lifting men nearer the Real —
Not unto dust as the war lords go,
Not as the lords of greed,
But rising forever from life to life,
Kings and Messiahs indeed!

— Charles Buxton Going.

SURSUM CORDA

Be brave to live. Desponding heart, be strong, —
Strong to submit, to trust, to wait;
Our God is true, although his times be long
And hope's fulfillment late.
Hid by the misty curtain from thy view,
The years seem boundless, but a Hand
Which cannot fail shall guide thy feet all through
That undiscovered land.

Make not of work a labor. God is good.
What strength He asks, He ready stands to give.
Less by their fears, more by their love, He would
Have all His children live.
And thee He loveth; stronger love is not;
Earth cannot give a peace so deep.
Then calmly live, take patiently thy lot,
And God thy spirit keep.

— William Reed Huntington.



Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds about thee gather
Doubt Him not.
Always hath the daylight broken, —
Always hath He comfort spoken, —
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears.

Harriet A. Palmer.

FORTITUDE

Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil — who's to blame?
And fold thy hands and acquiesce — Oh, shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name!

Be strong!

It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

— Maltbie D. Babcock.



THE LOOM OF THE MASTER

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of to-morrow,
What are you weaving?
Labor and sorrow.
Look to your loom again:
Faster and faster
Fly the great shuttles
Prepared by the Master.
Life's in the loom!
Room for it — Room!

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of to-morrow,
Look at your fabric
Of labor and sorrow;
Seamy and dark with
Despair and disaster;
Turn it, and lo!
The design of the Master!
The Lord's in the loom!
Room for Him — Room!



I go to prove my soul!
I see my path as birds their trackless way!
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God send His hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive.
He guides me and the bird. In His good time!

— Browning.



SPARE THE DREAMS

Relentless Time, that gives both harsh and kind,
Brave let me be
To take thy various gifts with equal mind,
And proud humility;
But, even by day, while the full sunlight streams,
Give me my dreams!

Whatever, Time, thou takest from my heart,
What from my life,
From what dear thing thou yet may'st make me part —
Plunge not too deep the knife;
As dies the day, and the long twilight gleams,
Spare me my dreams!

— R. W. Gilder.



Father of all, in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

Thou Great First Cause, least understood
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy breath;
Oh, lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

— Pope.



Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

— Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



PEACE

'Tis not in seeking,
'Tis not in endless striving,
Thy quest is found:
Be still and listen;
Be still and drink the quiet
Of all around.

Not for thy crying,
Not for thy loud beseeching,
Will peace draw near;
Rest with palms folded;
Rest with thine eyelids fallen —
Lo! peace is here.

— E. R. Sill.



LONGING

Indwelling God of happiness,
Who made my heart a fire,
Burning with desire
For beauty, and for life
That higher, higher, higher —
Above a world of strife,
Above the strokes of fate,
Might be, elate.

Give me a surer faithfulness
To Thee and all Thy ways,
That in a world ablaze
With deadly fires of shame,
Despite this sorry maze
Of things without a name,
I may attain to joyfulness
And Thy mysterious peace,
— Thy lasting peace.

Eternal Lord of loveliness!
In all I hear and see,
In all the poets' dreams,
In all the painters' themes,
In symphony and song,
In valley, hill and lea,
In danger and in pleasantness,
I seek for Thee — and long
To be made strong.

CHRIST IN FLANDERS

We had forgotten You, or very nearly —
You did not seem to touch us very nearly —

Of course we thought about You now and then;
Especially in any time of trouble —
We knew that You were good in time of trouble —
But we were very ordinary men.

And there were always other things to think of —
There's lots of things a man has got to think of —
His work, his home, his pleasure and his wife;
And so we only thought of You on Sunday —
Sometimes, perhaps, not even on a Sunday —
Because there's always lots to fill one's life.

And all the while in street or lane or byway —
In country lane, in city street or byway —
You walked among us and we did not see.
Your feet were bleeding as You walked our pavements, —
How did we miss your footprints on our pavements? —
Can there be other folk as blind as we?

Now we remember, over here in Flanders —
(It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders) —
This hideous warfare seems to make things clear.
We never thought about You much in England —
But now that we are far away from England —
We have no doubts, we know that You are here.

You helped us pass the jest along the trenches —
Where, in cold blood, we waited in the trenches —
You touched its ribaldry and made it fine.
You stood beside us in our pain and weakness —
We're glad to think You understood our weakness —
Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

We think about You kneeling in the garden —
Ah, God! the agony of that dread garden —
We know You prayed for us upon the cross.
If anything could make us glad to bear it —
'Twould be the knowledge that You willed to bear it —
Pain — death — the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forgot You, You will not forget us —
We feel so sure that You will not forget us —
But stay with us until this dream is past.
And so we ask for courage, strength and pardon —
Especially, I think, we ask for pardon —
And that You'll stand beside us to the last.

— L. Whitmell.



I think that Death has two sides to it,
One sunny side; as the round earth
Is every day, half sunny and half dark.
We on the dark side call this mystery *Death*.
They, on the other, looking down on light
Wait the glad Birth, with other tears than ours.

O God of Love, O King of Peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease,
The wrath of sinful man restrain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful Word?
None ever called on Thee in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

— H. W. Baker.



Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And know that out of death and night shall rise
The dawn of ampler life:
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,
That God has given to you the priceless dower
To live in these great times, and bear your part
In Freedom's crowning hour;
That ye may tell your sons — who see the light
High in the heavens — their heritage to take:
"I saw the powers of darkness put to flight;
I saw the morning break."



ONLY THROUGH ME

Only through Me! — The clear, high call comes pealing
 Above the thunders of the battleplain; —
 Only through Me can Life's red wounds find healing;
 Only through Me shall earth have peace again.

Only through Me! Love's might, all might transcending,
 Alone can draw the poison fangs of hate.
 Yours the beginning! Mine a nobler ending —
 Peace upon earth, and man regenerate!

Only through Me can come the great awakening!
 Wrong cannot right the wrongs that Wrong hath done;
 Only through Me, all other gods forsaking,
 Can ye attain the heights that must be won.

Can we not rise to such great height of glory?
 Shall this vast sorrow spend itself in vain?
 Shall future ages tell the woeful story —
 Christ by His own was crucified again?

— John Oxenham.



For we must share if we would keep
 That blessing from above;
 Ceasing to give we cease to have,
 Such is the law of love.

— Trench.



MOTHERS

"I hold no cause worth my son's life," one said —
And the two women with her as she spoke
Joined glances in a hush that neither broke,
So present was the memory of their dead.
And through their meeting eyes their souls drew near,
Linked by their sons, men who had held life dear
But laid it down for something dearer still.
One had wrought out with patient, iron will
The riddle of a pestilence, and won,
Fighting on stricken, till his work was done
For children of to-morrow. Far away
In shell-torn soil of France the other lay,
And in the letter that his mother read
Over and over, kneeling as to pray —
"I'm thanking God with all my heart to-day,
Whatever comes" — (that was the day he died) —
"I've done my bit to clear the road ahead."
In those two mothers, common pain of loss
Blossomed in starry flowers of holy pride.
What thoughts were hers who silent stood beside
Her son the dreamer's cross?

— Amelia Josephine Burr.



IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD

The word has come — *On the field of battle, dead.*
Sorrow is mine, but there is no more dread.

I am his mother. See, I do not say,
“ I was ” ; he is, not was, my son. To-day
He rests, is safe, is well; he is at ease
From pain, cold, thirst, and fever of disease,
And horror of red tasks undone or done.
Now he has dropped the load he bore, my son,
And now my heart is lightened of all fears;
Sorrow is mine and streams of lonely tears,
But not too heavy for the carrying is
The burden that is only mine, not his.

At eventide I may lay down my head,
Not wondering upon what dreadful bed
Perchance — nay, all but certainly — he lies;
And with the morn I may in turn arise,
Glad of the light, of sleep, of food, now he
Is where sweet waters and green meadows be

And golden apples. How it was he died
I know not, but my heart is satisfied;
Never again of all my days will one
Bring anguish for the anguish of my son.

Sorrow is mine, but there is no more dread.
The word has come — *On the field of battle, dead.*

— Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer.

YOU AND YOU

Every one of you won the war —
You and you and you —
Each one knowing what it was for,
And what was his job to do.

.
Every one of you won the war —
You and you and you —
Pressing and pouring forth, more and more,
Toiling and straining from shore to shore
To reach the flaming edge of the dark
Where man in his millions went up like a spark,
You, in your thousands and millions coming,
All the sea ploughed with you, all the air humming,
All the land loud with you,
All our hearts proud with you,
All our souls bowed with the awe of your coming!

Where's the arch high enough,
Lads, to receive you,
Where's the eye dry enough,
Dears, to perceive you,
When at last and at last in your glory you come,
Tramping home?

Every one of you won the war —
You and you and you —
You that carry an unscathed head,
You that halt with a broken tread,
And oh, most of all, you Dead, you Dead!

Lift up the Gates for these that are last,
That are last in the great Procession.
Let the living pour in, take possession,
Flood back to the city, the ranch, the farm,
The church and the college and mill,
Back to the office, the store, the exchange,
Back to the wife with the babe on her arm,
Back to the mother that waits on the sill,
And the supper that's hot on the range.

And now, when the last of them all are by,
Be the Gates lifted up on high
To let those Others in;
Those Others, their brothers, that softly tread,
That come so thick, yet take no ground,
That are so many, yet make no sound,
Our Dead, our Dead, our Dead!

O silent and secretly-moving throng,
In your fifty thousand strong,
Coming at dusk when the wreaths have dropped,
And streets are empty, and music stopped;
Silently coming to hearts that wait
Dumb in the door and dumb at the gate,
And hear your step and fly to your call —
Every one of you won the war —
But you, you Dead, most of all!

— Edith Wharton.



The great danger facing all of us — let me say it again, for one feels it tremendously — is not that we shall make an absolute failure of life, nor that we shall fall into outright viciousness, nor that we shall be terribly unhappy, nor that we shall feel that life has no meaning at all — not these things. The danger is that we may fail to perceive life's greatest meaning, fall short of its highest good, miss its deepest and most abiding happiness, be unable to render the most needed service, be unconscious of life ablaze with the light of the Presence of God — and be content to have it so, — that is the danger. That some day we may wake up and find that always we have been busy with the husks and trappings of life — and have really missed life itself. For life without God, to one who has known the richness and joy of life with Him, is unthinkable, impossible. That is what one prays one's friends may be spared, — satisfaction with a life that falls short of the best, that has in it no tingle and thrill which comes from a friendship with the Father.

I fear that many of us fail to realize that just as friendship with men demands time and association, friendship with God can be had only on exactly the same terms. And how many real friends would you have if you gave them no more time and thought than you give to God?



In studying Western civilization I have felt that there is something wanting. This something India has. In one sentence I can express the distinction. India looks within; the West without. It was the uttering of a Great Teacher who is known in the West, that the Kingdom of God is not without, but within. The whole crux is there.

The West is mad for the outer. She has taken the help of science, not to give life, but death. It is the outer that the West is running after. She must turn back, she must pause and think awhile before she takes another leap. She must learn meditation.

If we want to avert all future wars, even the possibility of war, we must humbly sit on a prayer-rug sometimes instead of always running about in motor-cars. This rushing about always without the corresponding poise and balance of looking within is a cause of this war of Armageddon. When we look within we see that humanity is one.

— Maitra.



Progress consists in an eternal seeking, a never-ending attempt to find ever new and richer meanings in life.

— J. J. Putnam, M.D.



There is an inner sanctuary where one worships by oneself, and God's way is there in the little sanctuary as in the great sanctuary. The sanctuary within is the place where we rest in God, not simply where we say our prayers, nor where we sit quietly to think about God, but where something real is going on, just as it goes on in the worship of the congregation. It is that place in which we throw ourselves upon God and rest in Him.

Does not this experience illustrate it? You are possibly in the habit of having attacks of pain, or else attacks of fear. Now, you can deal with the pain or the fear by what the military people call "the frontal attack." You can fight against your pain and try to forget it and overcome it. You can fight against your fear as a soldier fights against his antagonist and try to master it. But possibly we have learned that that is not the way to deal either with pain or with fear. The wiser way is to say, "Let it come. Let it do its very worst. It will not harm me. It will not overcome me. Let it come." And immediately half of the strength of the enemy is taken away, and the pain does not have that grip upon you which you feared and you can go on independently of it. And the fear doesn't master you as you thought it would, but you go on independently of it. "Let it come."

Now, how can we say that? Simply because we rest in God. You can imagine a general saying, "Let the enemy come on, because I have here behind me hundreds of thousands of reserves. And, even though my front

line be broken through, I cannot be defeated." So we say to our pains and our fears, "Come on. It may be that for the moment I shall be injured, but behind me are all the reserves of God, and I rest upon His strength, and I cannot be defeated."

That is what happens in that little sanctuary within us. It is not exactly prayer. Perhaps we would not call it praying. We might not call it meditation. It is just the sense of resting upon the strength of God. It is not in my own power that I say, "Let it come on," but it is because at that moment I consciously realize God's strength and rest in that strength. Surely the way of God is in the little sanctuary, as it is in the great waters. And there we feel His power and there we see His face.

— E. S. R.



The eternal, abiding thing in us is the capacity for friendship with God. This capacity no shell or shot can destroy.



We may desire to bring to the Lord a finished, perfect work. We would like to point, when our work is done, to the beautiful, ripened grain in bound-up sheaves — and yet the Lord frustrates our plans, shatters our purposes, lets us see the wreck of all our hopes, breaks the beautiful structure we thought we were building so well, and catches us up in His arms, and whispers to us, "It is not your work but you, I wanted."

— Jean Ingelow.

The spiritual life comes and goes, it ebbs and flows.



Help us this and every day
To live more nearly as we pray.

— Keble.



Our real world, think of it in whatever terms we may, is a world modified and adorned by fancy, and the problem for each individual is to make it correspond to the expression of his best self, and the best selves of other men.

— J. J. Putnam, M.D.



When pain, adversity, sorrow, or temptation make their challenge to the human soul, they may call forth a courage and faith that seem to be born of the need for them, and thus lift the life of him who undergoes the trial to a higher plane.

— J. J. Putnam, M.D.



Life is full of vicious circles. Take your circle and break it and twist it into a spiral, a never-ending spiral, and climb forever upward in your ceaseless search for higher and higher forms of self-expression, for Truth, and God.

— L. H. J.



AFRAID OF BEING AFRAID

The Master knew how natural this fear was. He knew that His disciples would be obliged to face experiences not unlike His own. He knew that they might be consumed with anxious worry as to how they would meet the issue.

"When they deliver you up," He said, "take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour, what ye shall speak." To many others who are afraid of being afraid, the promise will come true. There are those who live in anxious dread, wondering how they shall meet some crisis that is impending and which cannot be avoided. "Will any resources support me in the trial that I know must come?" "If I could only be assured that I would not utterly fail and collapse when the issue comes." "I face the coming years with fear rather than with hope, because I feel so entirely dependent upon my associations just as they are, and I do not know that my present faith and spiritual experience will sustain me."

There are latent resources within us, and, what is more valuable still, latent powers of response to resources outside us, resources which are ministered to us by God Himself, which may not be summoned for review and examination at will, but which make themselves known and felt only when special emergencies call them into action and service. There is a strength as well as a peace

which passes understanding. It comes in the hour of need to those who have tasted that the Lord is gracious. There are revelations of God which can be known only when God is needed most. There are capacities for receiving God which are undiscovered, until one is compelled to call out of the deep. This is the antidote against the fear of being afraid. "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."

It shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall say, and what ye shall do, and also to know the courage, cheer, and help which shall abound.

— Romilly F. Humphries.



Prayer is not information for God, doubtless; but prayer is our opening the door to His knocking at the various recesses of our life — real communion of spirit with spirit. There is no added knowledge for God. But now He knows and comes into our inmost life by our own full consent. The logic of Christ is not, Your Father doth not know what ye have need of, therefore pray that He may know,— a helpless God; nor yet the overwise counsel of many moderns,— God knows, therefore do not pray; but rather, Your Father knoweth, therefore you may pray. You may review fearlessly all your life and your need in His Presence, and commune with Him concerning it.

— H. C. King.



He asked for strength that he might achieve; he was made weak that he might obey.

He asked for health that he might do greater things; he was given infirmity that he might do better things.

He asked for riches that he might be happy; he was given poverty that he might be wise.

He asked for power that he might have the praise of men; he was given weakness that he might feel the need of God.

He asked for all things that he might enjoy life; he was given life that he might enjoy all things.

He has received nothing that he asked for, all that he hoped for. His prayer is answered. He is most blest.

— Col. R. H. Fitzhugh.



In prayer it is better to have a heart without words than words without a heart.

— Bunyan.



Oh, do not pray for easy lives. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work will be no miracle; but you will be the miracle. And every day you will wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come to you by the grace of God.

— Phillips Brooks.

The mark of a saint is not perfection, but consecration. A saint is not a man without faults, but a man who has given himself without reserve to God. In the language of the New Testament, every baptized Christian — dead and buried and raised in Christ — is a saint. We are dwelling among saints; we are saints. That is the will of God for us. If it is unaccomplished, the failure comes through our faithlessness.

— Bishop Westcott.



Oh, my dear friends, you who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from year to year, meaning to clear them up some day; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you cannot quite make up your mind that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and kill them; you who are passing men sullenly upon the street, not speaking to them out of some silly spite, and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard that one of those men were dead to-morrow morning; you who are letting your neighbor starve, till you hear that he is dying of starvation; or letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy, which you mean to give him some day, — if you only could know and see and feel, all of a sudden, that "the time is short," how it would break the spell! How you would go instantly and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do.

— Phillips Brooks.

There are so many dear people in the world, it makes one fairly in love with life.

—L. E. J.



We may, if we choose, make the worst of one another. Every one has his weak points; every one has his faults; we may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly on these. But we may also make the best of one another. We may forgive, even as we hope to be forgiven. We may put ourselves in the place of others, and ask what we should wish to be done to us, and thought of us, were we in their place. By loving whatever is lovable in those around us, love will flow back from them to us, and life will become a deep pleasure; and earth will become a real heaven; and we shall become not unworthy followers of Him whose name is Love.



The cup that runneth not over is evaporating; the life that is not outpouring is shrinking and shriveling away.



A new commandment is abroad in the land: Thou shalt not hear an unkind story so long as thou hast heels to turn, or hands to cover thine ears.



He that hath so many causes of joy and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns; and because he loves it, he deserves to starve in the midst of plenty, and to want comfort while he is encircled with blessings.

— Jeremy Taylor.



The one only sin which is beyond the reach of absolution, the only sin which the Precious Blood cannot absolve, is the sin that is not repented of; that is the sole and only sin that shall not be washed as white as snow.

— Cardinal Manning.



No one is safe until he learns not to dally with temptation but to repel it immediately and instinctively with fierce indignation. . . . Christ's perfection of character does not come from inability to sin, but from ability to conquer.

— Fosdick.



Influence is a possession which belongs to all; we can no more avoid using it than we can avoid living. Some have the power of swaying opinion wherever they go; but all have the power of influencing some, for "whoever loves you is growing like you; neither you nor he can hin-

der it, save at the cost of alienation." We can influence downwards, or we can influence upwards. Who, then, will not cry out, "O God, let me count for the best; let me lead men and women, unconsciously perhaps, out into the Light; let me make life happier and better and truer wherever I go; let me communicate to them that royalty of inner happiness and that serenity of heart which come from living close to Thee; make me a Radiance on the way, a Bearer of the Light Divine."



It is a great thing to be a friend of Nature's, and so to feel at home, however far from civilization one may find one's self in this world of ours; it is a greater thing to be a friend of man, and so to feel at home in this world of men; but oh! it is the greatest thing of all to be a friend of God's, and so to feel at home in the wide, wide universe, so that, when Death comes along and sweeps away our moorings, we may go forward into the Unknown unperplexed and undismayed, because we have simply put our hand into the hand of our great Eternal Friend.

"Yet fearless toward that midnight black and hollow
Our footsteps fare;
The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow,
His love alone is there,
No curse, no care."



The sun meets not the springing bud which stretches toward him with half the certainty, that God, the source of all good, communicates Himself to the soul that longs for Him.



Lord, speak to me; and then speak through me.



Schiller says you can tell an artist by what he leaves out. He does not crowd everything into his picture; he chooses a central feature, and subordinates all else to it. Are you living a life with a true sense of proportion? You have not time nor strength for everything. Are you putting first things first?

— Fosdick.



Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.



— behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow
Keeping watch above His own.

— Lowell.



For all these reasons the spiritual life must be pre-eminently a life of gradual growth and patient, steady endeavor. The greatest things need time, patience, study, a wise use of moods, and persistent earnestness. The maintenance of any of our ideals demands some fighting; but the true man cannot be willing, either for himself or others, to draw away from these fighting forces — fighting to maintain the highest ideals and faith in them.

— H. C. King.



There is nothing destroys the spiritual nature so much as respectable selfishness.



O land of hope, and liberty, and peace, where work is without weariness and joy without satiety, where many dear to us who have passed through that second portal are dwelling now, our thoughts fly forward to the blessed labors and Thy dear companionships, and we pray that the life everlasting, into whose unknown felicity Our Father doth invite us, may so possess our souls and shape our lives even here and now, that we shall pass when our hour shall come by the gentlest transition from narrow rooms and broken homes and baffled endeavors here, into the liberty of the glory of the sons of God.

— Washington Gladden.

Live up to the best that is in you.



This wrecked world which we are facing demands new self-restraint, redoubled purpose, and all the vision that prophets can reveal.

— Bishop Brent.



There are some who wish to be rid of their pasts. But you must learn — you must let God teach you — that the only way to get rid of a past is to get a future out of it.

— Phillips Brooks.



A great many people are often discouraged with themselves, — think they are “no good.” Perhaps they think correctly. But many, many times physical depression — fatigue, ill health, and the like — warps the judgment. Here is a good rule to be remembered, — never trust your judgment of self, of others, or of things in general when you are “down” physically. Put your judgment aside — wait till you have a sense of physical well-being, of “plus health” — then take it out and see how wrong it was. Dare to “count your highest moments your truest moments,” as Phillips Brooks once said.



“If I should die, think only this of me:
There is some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England.”

Rupert Brooke here gives the keynote of the soldiers who have earned by the supreme sacrifice the highest and proudest of all decorations, the Wooden Cross. Medals that adorn the uniform tell of courage and endurance and heroism that braved the worst for the cause. Their wearers live to hear the acclaim of their comrades. But there is another decoration, the commonest even though the most distinguished of all, the Wooden Cross, that is awarded only to the men who have done the greatest thing that man — yes, even God — can do. Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends. . . .

The Wooden Cross of our dead comrades is for them a glorious decoration. For us it is the banner of our life that is to be. It challenges us to hold more precious than mortal life ideals of honor, justice, and righteousness. After all, the Cross that redeemed the world was a wooden cross, too, was it not? It was no toy or pretty bauble, but a thing of nails and pain and death — and yet a thing of glory. According to its pattern we shape our own cross.

— Bishop Brent.



Unhappiness is the hunger to get; happiness is the hunger to give.

— W. G. Jordan.

Oh, fellow-bearers of the load we did not choose, the load we fain would have some other carry if we could, remember this, — the burden bearers help the world along.

I know not how it is. I know not all the law. I am only sure of this, — the fight that each man fights behind his chamber door for courage and for patience and for faith, he fights not for himself alone, he fights for all mankind; he fights as one who is a helper of his kind, as a blood brother of that One who, in little Galilee, obscure, almost alone, was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities, and who upon the cross became the Burden Bearer of the human race.

— From "An Insight."



Humility is the deepest quality of spirit that comes from recognizing God as the source of all that is worthy in us, so that we can take no credit to ourselves and see no reason for pride, no matter what we may achieve. Therefore, the more intimate any soul's sense of community with God, the more meekness and lowliness of heart will result. The real test of humility comes when a man is making a great success and is tempted to forget that all his power is simply an entrustment from God. All the best in us is God in us, and our endeavor must always be to appropriate His power. The great souls always have had this sense of dependence on God.

Such a spirit in Jesus is the only explanation of His absolute self-assurance on one side, and His lowliness of heart upon the other. His power was not in Him, but through Him.

— Fosdick.



Hurry is the death of prayer.

— St. Francis de Sales.



Happiness comes, in the highest and best form, not because we seek to absorb it, but because we seek to radiate it.

— W. G. Jordan.



Almighty God, raise us above ourselves, and above our needs. Take away selfishness from our prayers not less than from our hearts and lives. When we pray to Thee for our own good, lead us not to forget the good of others. And when we pray for others, give us grace to resolve, also, to seek their good in all that we do, and to keep ourselves from evil for their sake.

May we, even as we kneel before Thee, resolve to refrain from any word or act that might please us but would harm others.

Give us some touch of the love, mercy, and pity that is in Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

May my whole life, O God, be one thanksgiving unto Thee for all which Thou hast given and for all which Thou hast forgiven; for Thy hidden blessings and for those which in my negligence I have passed over; for every gift of nature or of grace; for my power of loving; for all which Thou hast yet in store for me; for everything, whether joy or sorrow, whereby Thou art drawing me to Thyself. Amen.



O God, Master of life, illumine our minds with the light of Thine own reason, inform our wills with Thine eternal purpose, and so make our daily work a prayer. Amen.



Lord of Life, of work and peace, Lord of our wandering wills; renew, we beseech Thee, our souls by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit with loyalty to duty and love for it; that when our wills have become one with Thine, when our work is judged by Thy Presence, when this life's turmoil has brought forth its harvest of peace, our souls may see Thy face; through His power, who liveth and reigneth Lord of death and source of life eternal, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.



O God, forgive the poverty, the pettiness, the childish folly of our prayers. Listen not to our words, but to the desires that cannot be uttered; hearken not to our petitions, but to the crying of our need. So often we pray for that which is already ours, neglected and unappropriated; so often for that which never can be ours; so often for that which we must win ourselves; and then labor endlessly for that which can only come to us in prayer.

How often we have prayed for the coming of Thy kingdom, and yet when Thou hast sought to make it come through us, we have barred the way: we have wanted it without in others, but not in our own hearts. We feel that it is we who stand between man's need and Thee; between ourselves and what we might be: and we have no trust in our own strength or loyalty or courage.

Oh, give us to love Thy will, and to seek Thy kingdom first of all. Sweep away our fears, our compromises, our weakness, lest at last we be found fighting against Thee. Amen.



O God, Inspirer of the world's joy, Bearer of the world's pain; Make us glad that we are men and that we have inherited the world's burdens. Deliver us from the luxury of cheap melancholy, and at the heart of all our trouble and sorrow let unconquerable gladness dwell; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Heavenly Father, our need of Thee is constant and ever present; we need Thee every hour. But there are seasons when, in particular, we would beseech Thee to guard us, and to guide us.

In hours of depression, in times of black moods when we seem to stand alone, and the darkness hems us in, and there is none to deliver us; open a window in our souls, and flood us with Thy light.

In the hour of triumph, when we have won through to our goal, and the world is ours, and we glow with the assurance of success; save us, O our God, save us from the feeling that we are sufficient unto ourselves, and that we have no need of Thee; save us from such pride and folly, O God.

In moments of impulse, from the unkindly thought, the biting word, the flare of anger, and from the danger of wounding the self-respect of another's soul; spare us, O God.

Give us the inspiration of Thy companionship, that in the radiance of it we may be light-bearers, and life givers, and so be more like Christ our Master. Amen.



Most holy and most merciful God, the Strength of the weak, the Rest of the weary, the Comfort of the sorrowful, the Saviour of the sinful, and the Refuge of Thy children in every time of need, hear us while we pray for Thy help in all the circumstances and experiences of our life.

When our hearts are growing cold and dead, and we are losing our vision of Thy face, and living as if life had no spiritual reality: help us, O God.

When the evil memories of the past trouble us, and we mourn over early dreams and hopes unrealized, over light within us turned to darkness, and strength to weakness: help us, O God.

When we are tempted to mean and wicked ways, and sin puts on the allurements which make it seem less sinful in our sight: help us, O God.

When we are called to difficult duty, to work in loneliness among men, and to bear burdens that are hard to be borne:

When we are weary of our work and think it fruitless, and duty is painful because it seems unprofitable: help us, O God.

When the unknown future troubles us, and amid our fears and anxieties we forget the Eternal Love and Care: help us, O God.

Stir up our wills to seek Thee and to find Thee: that Thou being our Companion and Guide, we may faithfully follow after Christ, our Master. Amen.

O Thou Divine Spirit, who in all the events of life art knocking at the door of my heart; Help me to respond to Thee. I would take the events of my life as good and perfect gifts from Thee; I would receive even the sorrows of life as disguised gifts from Thee. I would have my heart open to Thee at all times — at morning, noon, and night; in spring, and summer, and winter. Whether Thou comest to me in sunshine or in rain, I would take Thee into my heart joyfully. Thou art Thyself more than the sunshine; Thou art Thyself the compensation for the rain; it is Thee, and not Thy gifts I crave: knock and I shall open unto Thee. Amen.



O Lord, by all thy dealings with us, whether of joy or pain, of light or darkness, let us be brought to Thee. Let us value no treatment of Thy grace simply because it makes us happy or because it makes us sad, because it gives us or denies us what we want; but may all that Thou sendest us bring us to Thee, that knowing Thy perfectness, we may be sure in every disappointment that Thou art still loving us, in every darkness that Thou art still enlightening us, and in every enforced idleness that Thou art still using us; yea, in every death that Thou art giving us life, as in His death Thou didst give life to Thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.



Our Father, who has set a restlessness in our hearts, and made us all seekers after that which we can never fully find; Forbid us to be satisfied with what we make of life. Draw us from base content, and set our eyes on far-off goals; keep us at tasks too hard for us, that we may be driven to Thee for strength. Deliver us from fretfulness and self-pity; make us sure of the goal we cannot see, and of the hidden good in the world. Open our eyes to the simple beauty by the way, and our hearts to the loveliness men hide from us because we do not trust them enough. Save us from ourselves, and show us a vision of a world made new. May Thy Spirit of peace and illumination so enlighten our minds that all life shall glow with new meaning and new purpose. Amen.



Lord, let my crying come unto Thee. Teach me to bring my life to Thee, that in Thy strength I may live it as Thy faithful soldier and servant. Teach me to bring my grief to Thee, that it may be cleansed of all that is base and selfish, and turned into an inspiration and help. Teach me to bring to Thee all my problems, perplexities, and duties, that by the discipline of years and the joy of Thy companionship, I may grow more fit to do Thy will and to carry Thy message. Amen.



Almighty Father, whose goodness hath no ending, and whose compassion reacheth unto the farthest corners of life, Thou dost overlook our infirmities, and forgivest our neglect of Thee, with limitless patience giving us strength and courage to go on, when we do remember and call upon Thee. Thou withdrawest not Thy Presence from us in spite of our follies; and though at times we cannot see Thy face, because some cloud of our own making has come between, yet we know that Thou art there — waiting for us to come to ourselves and return to Thee, our Father, for comfort, for peace, and for purity of purpose.

Take of that same spirit of Thine and lay it upon us. Make us very merciful toward all our brothers. Offenders ourselves, give us the spirit of forgiveness toward offenders. Grant us wisdom and understanding. Save us from all unbrotherliness. May none turn from us because of our hardness of heart; may none doubt Thy love and goodness because they find it not reflected in us, Thy weak children.

Help us day by day to draw closer to Thee — to know Thee better — to serve Thee more — to become bearers of the Light Divine to those who live in shadow and in darkness. And so may we enter into fellowship with our Master, Jesus Christ. Amen.



Spirit of Christ, Thou forerunner of our humanity, lead on! We are aspiring to be free from temporary creeds and systems and codes: Thou who art limitless, lead on. Lead us on to the fullness of time, the Brotherhood of man, the concord of nations. Lead on the boundlessness of hope, the endlessness of charity, the confidence of faith. Lead on till we have come to the dwelling place of the Eternal God. Amen.



O God, I live, hoping to do Thee service; use me, Lord, for Thy work, just as Thou wilt, and when, and where. Grant me such a sense of Thy ever-present power that I may meet every duty confidently; grant me such a sense of inner happiness which comes from living close to Thee, that I may rejoice to spend this day with Thee and for Thee.

Help me to resolve in Thy strength that this day, so far as in me lies, shall be a happy one for those I have to do with.

Grant that I may realize that Thy divine strength is in me at this moment, so that it is in my power to make this day what Thou wouldst have it be.

So renew me inwardly and outwardly day by day that I may be vigorous with spiritual purpose, that all life shall glow with new meaning and intention, that I may live to the fullness of my capacities, that in Thy sunshine's blaze my day may brighter, fairer be. Amen.

Daily renew in me, Father, the sense of Thy Presence, and let Thine Eternal Spirit dwell in my soul and body, filling every corner of my heart with light and love, so that bearing about with me the infection of a good courage, I may be a diffuser of life and light, and may meet all ills and difficulties with gallant and high-hearted happiness, through Christ our Master. Amen.



Heavenly Father, let peace abound in our company. Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us grace and strength to forbear and persevere. Offenders ourselves, give us the grace to accept and forgive offenders. Forgetful, help us to bear cheerfully the forgetfulness of others. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind; through Christ our Master. Amen.



Heavenly Father, for all Thy goodness to us we bless and praise Thee; for friends and friendliness that have blessed our lives, for life itself with all its beauty and glory and opportunity, for the many chances to speak a word of courage and cheer to the heart of a brother; keep us close to Thee that none of life be wasted, and make us bearers of the light divine. Amen.



Grant me, O God, the royalty of inward happiness, and the serenity which comes from living close to Thee.

Almighty God, who art the only source of health and healing, the spirit of calm and the central peace of the universe; Grant to us, Thy children, such a consciousness of Thy indwelling Presence as may give us utter confidence in Thee. In all pain and weariness and anxiety may we throw ourselves upon Thy besetting care, that, knowing ourselves fenced about by Thy loving omnipotence, we may permit Thee to give us health and strength and peace. Amen.



O God, whose Spirit searcheth all things, and whose love beareth all things; Encourage us to draw near to Thee in spirit and in truth. Save us from a worship of the lips while our hearts are far away. Save us from the useless labor of attempting to conceal ourselves from Thee who searchest the heart.

Enable us to lay aside all those cloaks and disguises which we wear in the light of day, and here to bare ourselves, with all our weakness, disease, and sin, to Thy sight.

Make us strong to bear the vision of truth, and to have done with all falsehood, pretence, and hypocrisy, so that we may see things as they are, and fear no more.

Enable us to look upon the love which has borne with us, and the heart that suffers for us. Help us to acknowledge our dependence on the purity that abides our uncleanness, the patience that forgives our faithlessness,

the truth that forbears all our falsity and compromise. And may we have the grace of gratitude, and the desire to dedicate ourselves to Thee. Amen.



Almighty God, Who has sent Thy Son from heaven to be the Bread of Life; Grant, we pray Thee, that coming to Him we may never hunger, and believing on Him may never thirst; that so dwelling in Him, and He in us, we may have everlasting life; through the same, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



O Lord, grant that each one who has to do with me to-day may be the happier for it. Let it be given me each hour what I shall say, and grant me the wisdom of a loving heart, that I may say the right thing rightly. Help me to enter into the mind of every one who talks with me, and keep me alive to the feelings of each one present. Give me a quick eye for little kindnesses, that I may be ready in doing them, and gracious in receiving them. Give me quick perception of the feelings and needs of others, and make me eager-hearted in helping them. Amen.



Keep us, O God, from pettiness; let us be large in thought, in word, in deed.

Let us be done with faultfinding and leave off self-seeking.

May we put away all pretense and meet each other face to face — without self-pity and without prejudice.

May we be never hasty in judgment, but always generous.

Let us take time for all things; make us to grow calm, serene, gentle.

Teach us to put into action our better impulses, straightforward and unafraid.

Grant that we may realize that it is the little things that create differences; that in the big things of Life we are at one.

And may we strive to touch and to know the great woman's heart of us all, — and, O Lord God, let us not forget to be kind.



Most Holy and Most Merciful God, fill my life with holy purpose. Refine my discernment. May I see the good and love it. In all my difficulties make me to know Thy will. May I be a child of light! Father, I would walk as Thy child to-day. May the sense of my intimacy with Thee fill me with a deep and saving self-respect. If I am beginning this day with any ignoble purpose in my heart, take it away. If I am meditating

any injurious design against my fellows, remove it. May the world not mold me to-day, my Father; but may I be so strong as to help to mold the world. Lord, let me not live uselessly! Keep me sensitive to Thy Presence round about me. May the familiar not become neglected. May I see Thy goodness in my daily bread, and may the comfort of my home take my thoughts to Thee. Amen.



May I never leave Thy house, O my God, but remain in it all the days of my life. May Thy House be to me everywhere: may I feel when I enter my home that I am going into Thy Temple, an atmosphere of holy service. May I see all its duties consecrated. In breaking bread to the family circle may I hear Thee say, "This do in remembrance of Me." May I make my house Thy House. May I consecrate each word and look and deed in the social life of the home. May I build an ark of refuge for the common wants of the day. Enter Thou as our unseen Guest and Master. Amen.



Send out Thy light and Thy truth, O God, and lead us through the mists of ignorance, vanity, and fear, into the clear shining of the perfect day of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Grant, O God, that my life may be free from waste, unfretted by rebellion against Thy will, unsoiled by all thought of myself, purified by the love of my fellow men, and ennobled by devotion to Thy kingdom.



Give to me that courage which comes only from living close to Thee, the infinite source of all power and might, so that I may meet whatever comes to me with serenity and peace of heart and mind, and never fail to think brave thoughts, to speak brave words, and to do brave deeds; through Jesus Christ, our Master.



Grant me, O Lord, inward gravity of soul, that I may daily attain to a deeper sense of Thy Presence, and that whenever I speak of Thee, I may attest and strengthen my inner reverence by my outward bearing. Grant that I may admire great things greatly, and may never belittle by jest or criticism anything that may help others.



O Holy Spirit, open my ears to the sound of Thy voice, my eyes to the beauty of life, and my heart to the needs of others. So overshadow my soul, and enlighten my spirit, that I may grow in moral thoughtfulness, learning the lessons of each stage of life as it comes to me, till at the last my mind may quietly rise into that sovereign rest of Thine above.

O God, give us a strong sense of the mystery and wonder and beauty of life.

Help us to enter by our intuitions into the invisible world which surrounds us; may our faith give substance to the things we hope for; may we feel the pressure of Thy constant Presence which encompasses us. Give wings to our hopes, and rest to our fears. Add to our faith, courage; that believing in Thee and conscious of Thee we may dare high things for Thee. Save us from the "little faith" which makes us the victims of anxieties and fears, and puts us to shame and confusion — we who are the heirs of all the ages and the children of the Father Almighty! Give us dignity and worth by sending us some work to do for Thee; fire our wills to accomplish something for Thy Kingdom before we leave this world. May the Spirit that was in Christ so possess our minds and wills that we may share his indignations, his purpose, and his radiant faith in Thee. Amen.



Grant me grace, O Lord, to turn resolutely from all weakening thoughts.



Teach us, good Lord, to serve Thee as Thou deservest; to give and not to count the cost; to fight and not to heed the wounds; to toil and not to seek for rest; to labor and not to ask for any reward, save that of knowing that we do Thy Will. Amen.



Lord, we would learn to trust in Thee at all times. We think we are trusting Thee when the sunlight falls unbroken and bright upon our way; but when the clouds gather and the storm breaks, our hearts faint and our faith loses its vision. May we have such faith as will feel Thee in the dark, and walk calmly through the storm. We would learn when we are weary and fretful, or tempted and discouraged, to be still and know that Thou art God. May we cease our struggling and worrying and let Thee have Thy way with us, until around our restlessness flows Thy rest. But may such rest renew our vigor that we may fight the good fight of faith and win the victory. Amen.



O Lord Christ, serene Son of God, whose will subdued the troubled waters and laid to rest the fears of men; Let Thy majesty master us, Thy power of calm control us; that for our fears we may have faith, and for our disquietude perfect trust in Thee; who dost live and govern all things, world without end. Amen.

Master of men, we come to Thee seeking light and life. In Thy hands, in Thy hands alone, are the keys of self-knowledge and self-mastery. Deepen in us the sense of Thy presence, quicken and strengthen our faith in Thy desire to make us perfect. Free us from pride and fear, from vulgar ambition and ignoble self-indulgence, so that our desires may meet and answer to Thine own. In our prayers to Thee, lift us above ourselves. Through our praise of Thee deliver us from the cares that besiege and destroy our peace of mind and ease of heart; and so lead us deeper into the mystery of Thy life and ours, that we may become interpreters of life to our fellows, through Him Who died that we might live, thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.



Almighty God, in whose sight a thousand years pass as a watch in the night; Grant us to run with patience the race that is set before us, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before; that so finally by Thy mercy we may obtain the crown of everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



A SEQUENCE OF THANKSGIVING, PETITION AND INTERCESSION

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, we call to remembrance Thy loving-kindness and Thy tender mercies which have been ever of old, and with grateful hearts we lift up to Thee the voice of our thanksgiving.

For the life Thou hast given us, and the world in which we live;

For the work we are enabled to do, and the truth we are permitted to learn; for whatever of good there has been in our past lives, and for all the hopes and aspirations which lead us on toward better things;

For all the comforts and gladness of life; for our homes and all our home-blessings; for our friends and all the pure pleasures of social intercourse; for the love, sympathy, and good-will of men: We praise Thee, O God.

For the gift of Thy Son Jesus Christ, and all the helps and hopes which are ours as His disciples; for the presence and inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, and for all the ministers of Thy truth and grace;

For communion with Thee, the Father of our spirits; for the light and peace which are gained through trust and obedience, and the darkness and disquietude which befall us when we disobey Thy laws and follow our lower desires and selfish passions;

For all the discipline of life; for the tasks and trials

by which we are trained to patience, self-knowledge and self-conquest, and brought into closer sympathy with our suffering brethren; for troubles which have lifted us nearer Thee and drawn us into deeper fellowship with Jesus Christ;

For the sacred and tender ties which bind us to the unseen world; for the faith which dispels the shadows of earth, and fills the saddest and the last moments of life with the light of an immortal hope: We praise Thee, O God.

O God of all grace and love, we have praised Thee with our lips; grant that we may also praise Thee in consecrated and faithful lives; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



Have mercy upon us, O God, after Thy great goodness; and guide us by Thy Holy Spirit; in all the perils and dangers of our daily life.

In times of happiness and joy; in times of sorrow and dejection; in our pleasures and in our cares;

In times of labor and relaxation; in our work and in our amusements; in the pursuit of noble aims; in the flight from known evil; in our success and disappointments: Guide us, good Lord.

From all outward evils, from sickness, from suffering; from all hardness of heart and irreverence; from all uncharitableness, envy and jealousy; from pride and selfishness; from unbrotherliness;

From all indolence and sloth; from all self-indulgence; from all impurity in thought, word, and deed;

From hasty words, harsh judgments, and unkind thoughts: Good Lord, deliver us.

From all unworthy ends; from all undue anxiety and distrust in Thee; from neglect of prayer; from forgetfulness of Thee: Good Lord, deliver us.

O God, our Father, who knowest us better than we know ourselves; Pardon our sins and frailties, strengthen our weakness, renew us to Thy service, and make us after Thine own heart, and efficient instruments in the working out of Thy purposes upon earth; through Jesus Christ, our Master. Amen.



That we may dedicate our lives in loving service to Thee, strengthen us, O God:

That we may be pure and humble to speak Thy words of comfort to those in need, help us, O God:

That we may live to do some little work for Thee here or elsewhere; that we may relieve some wrong or misery before we leave the world, train us and use us, O God.

Our Father, who knowest all things; Purify the thoughts of our minds, pour into our hearts such love toward Thee that all life shall glow with new purpose and new meaning. Amen.

We pray —

For those we love: that God may lead them toward the
Perfect Light;

For those who are sick in body or in mind: that they
may turn to God, the Source of healing and of peace;

For all suffering from oppression: that the hearts of men
may be turned toward all their brother men;

For all the lonely: that they may discover the inner
fellowship with the Great Companion;

For our Nation: that God may lead her in the paths of
justice and peace;

For the Church: that it may be a refuge and inspiration
for all, and that the Spirit of Christ may so possess
our minds and wills that we may grow into the likeness
of our Master, and bring light and strength into the
lives of our fellow-men. Amen.



May all peoples, from the rising of the sun even unto
the going down of the same, cry aloud in praise unto Thee
with joyful voice, and say, Glory to Thee, O God, for
ever and ever. Amen.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT

O God, our Father, be Thou the Unseen Guest at our table, and fill our hearts with Thy love; through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Heavenly Father, Thou hast given us our daily bread. Out of our abundance may we remember those of Thy children who cry aloud to Thee for bread — but have it not. Amen.

Master of life, make our table companionship the revelation of Thy Presence, and turn our daily bread into the Bread of Life. Amen.

Dear Lord, before Thy throne I make my prayer,
Imploring, for the friend I love, Thy care:
Oh, grant him cheer to face the tedious road,
And strength to bear unfaltering his load;
Dispel each doubt which casts a shadow gray
Obscuring beacon lights along the way;
Amid the furrows, and in hours of ease,
Give him an inward joy in all he sees;
His daily care, his midnight vigils bless,
And banish from his spirit weariness;
Oh, may Thine angels lead him, Lord, I pray,
Forever onward to the perfect day!

A PARENT'S PRAYER

O God, our Heavenly Father, by Thy fatherhood enlighten with Thy wisdom the hearts of all parents.

Help me to know what to grant and what to deny. Deliver me from foolish fondness, and from unmeaning harshness; from the cruelties of over-indulgence and of passionate punishing. Through the remembrance of Thy love, guide my heart to shun all partiality, and to foster every seed of goodness. Make me glad to coöperate with all the means of education and spiritual growth which State and Church provide. Help me humbly and wisely to surrender my children to the larger claims of life, in the service of their fellow-men. Make my faith in Thee and in Thy love for them the power by which young hearts are made strong; and through my own childlikeness, teach me to show to them the way to eternal life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



FOR THE CHILDREN

O Jesus Christ, the Lord of children, be near to all children's hearts to-day. In their pleasant play make them to remember Thy holy childhood, and put away all self-loving thoughts and ways, all untruthfulness and disobedience, all angry words and deeds.

Comfort them in all their troubles which are known to Thee, and lead them on through pure and faithful lives to Thyself, Thy children's home. Amen.

A CHILD'S PRAYER

Heavenly Father, make me, I pray Thee, such a child as Jesus was, quick to obey, glad to be taught, and never afraid to speak the truth. May I hurt nobody by word or deed, but all day long be good to others, as Thou dear Lord, hast been most kind to me. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



A BOY'S PRAYER

O God, give me clean hands, clean words, clean thoughts. Help me to stand for the hard right against the easy wrong. Save me from habits that harm. Teach me to work as hard, and to play as fair, in Thy sight alone, as though all the world saw me. Keep me ready always to help others even at some cost to myself; and send me chances every day to do a little good, and so grow more like Christ. Amen.



FOR THE ABSENT

O God, whose fatherly care reacheth to the uttermost parts of the earth; We humbly beseech Thee graciously to behold and bless our absent loved ones. Defend them from all dangers of soul and body; and grant that both they and we, drawing nearer to Thee, may draw nearer

to one another, bound together by Thy love in the communion of Thy Holy Spirit and in the fellowship of Thy saints. Amen.



FOR A BIRTHDAY

Watch over Thy child, O Lord, as *his* days increase; bless and guide *him* wherever *he* may be, keeping *him* unspotted from the world. Strengthen *him* when *he* stands; comfort *him* when discouraged or sorrowful; raise *him* up if *he* fall; and grant *him* Thy peace both now and evermore. Amen.



FOR A SICK CHILD

O Heavenly Father, watch with us, we pray Thee, over this Thy child, and grant that *he* may be restored to that perfect health which it is Thine alone to give. Amen.



BEFORE AN OPERATION

Fill my heart, dear Lord, with utter trust in Thee, that I may have faith to say, "Though I be sometime afraid yet put I my trust in Thee," and may I feel underneath the everlasting arms. Look graciously upon me in my suffering, and bless the means employed for my cure. Amen.

IN ANXIETY

O most loving Father, who willest us to give thanks for all things, to dread nothing but the loss of Thee, and to cast all our care on Thee who carest for us; Preserve me from faithless fears and worldly anxieties, and grant that no clouds of this mortal life may hide from me the light of that love which is immortal. Amen.



IN LONELINESS

O Almighty God, who art found of those who seek Thee in loneliness; Pour out Thy blessing upon Thy servant. Let not Thy grace of patience fail me, nor Thy love forsake me; but do Thou so comfort and sustain my heart that in the joy of Thy Presence I may find strength and peace. Amen.



FOR THE DYING

O God, our Heavenly Father, we remember before Thee to-night this Thy servant who is journeying in great bodily weakness, and drawing near unto the gates of death. We pray Thee that Thou wilt send Thy dear Son to meet with *him* in the way, and to abide with *him*, for the day is far spent; that He may break with *him* the

Bread of Eternal Life; that He may look upon *him* with the eyes of Thy mercy. Comfort *him* with a sense of Thy goodness and receive *him* into the blessed rest of everlasting peace. Amen.



FOR THOSE WHO MOURN

We seem to give *him* back to Thee, dear God, who gavest *him* to us. Yet, as Thou didst not lose *him* in giving, so we have not lost *him* by *his* return. Not as the world giveth, givest Thou, O Lover of Souls! What Thou givest, Thou takest not away. For what is Thine is ours always, if we are Thine. And life is eternal; and love is immortal; and death is only a horizon; and a horizon is nothing save the limit of our sight. Lift us up, strong Son of God, that we may see further; cleanse our eyes that we may see more clearly; draw us closer to Thyself that we may know ourselves nearer to our beloved who are with Thee. And while Thou dost prepare a place for us, prepare us for that happy place, that where they are, and Thou art, we too may be. Amen.



FOR THOSE BEREAVED THROUGH THE WAR

Have compassion, O most merciful Lord, on all who are mourning for those dear to them. Be Thou their Comforter and Friend, and bring them to a fuller knowledge of Thy love. Assuage the anguish of their bereavement, and leave only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and a solemn pride to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom. Amen.

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE GIVEN THEIR LIVES IN THE
SERVICE OF OUR COUNTRY

O Lord, we pray Thee to have in Thy holy keeping all those who have given their lives in the service of our country, that being born to the new life, they may serve Thee with clearer vision and greater joy. Amen.



FOR AN ANNIVERSARY OF ONE DEPARTED

Almighty God, we remember this day before Thee Thy faithful servant, and we pray Thee that, having opened to *him* the gates of larger life, Thou wilt receive *him* more and more into Thy joyful service, that *he* may win, with Thee and Thy servants everywhere, the eternal victory. Amen.

FOR PATRIOTISM

Our Father in Heaven, make us true lovers of our country. Help us to keep the promise which America has made to the world, to be the home of freedom and brotherhood and justice for all. In our happiness and in our strength put us in mind of the pleasures and the rights of others. Make us brave and truthful and fair. In our play and in our work keep our successes free from boasting and conceit. And when we fail and are defeated, give us a higher courage and a stauncher strength. Help us to become noble and great-hearted citizens, an honor to our nation and a spring of hope to our neighbors; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



FOR THE RED CROSS

Almighty and Merciful God; Be present, we pray Thee, to those who suffer through disaster and disease, that both in their bodies and in their souls they may experience Thy healing. Vouchsafe the gifts of Thy power to all who go forth under the banner of the Red Cross, that in this sign they may conquer death; stir our hearts to offer in abundance our service and our wealth; and grant that Thy people, walking in the way of the Cross, may find it none other than the way of life and peace. Amen.

A PRAYER TO BE USED DURING AN EPIDEMIC

O God of all power and might, of all tenderness and love; look with infinite pity upon the multitudes of Thy children throughout this land who are afflicted with the ravages of a sore disease. Stretch forth Thine hand, we beseech Thee, to stay the progress of this pestilence and to heal those who have become its victims. Inspire with special wisdom and endow with special power all doctors and nurses and those in authority, that new and more efficient methods may be found and applied for healing, for restraining and for preventing this disease. Give patience and comfort to those who suffer and consolation to all who mourn. And to us all impart a renewed sense of calmness through perfect trust in Thee that, knowing ourselves surrounded and upheld by Thine omnipotence, we may without fear commit ourselves and all who are dear to us to Thy never-failing love. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



FOR A BETTER WORLD

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, help us to look with the eyes of Thine own infinite pity upon our stricken world. Grant that out of this hideous conflict some vast good may come; that mankind may here highly resolve that this sacrifice shall not have been in vain; that through it there may emerge some high impulse driving humanity on, on toward the City of God.

Root out of each of us those qualities which in a nation make for war, — selfishness, greed, lack of self-restraint, unbrotherliness, hate, a petty and boastful nationalism.

Hasten the time when nations shall dwell together in peace and unity; when a brother's hand shall not be lifted against brother in stupid and senseless hate; when we shall have found saner and more permanent ways of settling our difficulties.

Make each of us, in speech and conduct, a valiant warrior in the cause of peace; that by our lives we may give reality to our prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth"; through Christ, our Master. Amen.



Into Thy loving and all-wise care, dear Lord, we commit this world of ours; and we pray Thee, in Thine own time, and in Thine own best way, to bring about a lasting peace.

MORNING

*Did not our heart burn within us while He talked with us
by the way?*

Come, my soul, thou must be waking,
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day:
Come, to Him Who made this splendor
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

— Canitz.



Oh, give us strength to face our day
With courage, as Thy sons of old,
To lift our voice in prophecies
Against the gods of stone and gold;
Give us to see and understand
The heart of man and to forgive,
Give us the faith to touch Thy hand,
Teach us, O living Lord, to live.



No backward glance shall hinder or appall me:
A new life is begun;
And better hopes and better motives call me,
Than those the past has won.

— Lillian Knapp.

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim!
And all that is within me join
To bless His holy Name!

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind!
Forget not all His benefits!
The Lord to thee is kind.

He pardons all thy sins;
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

He clothes thee with His love;
Upholds thee with His truth;
And like the eagle He renews
The vigor of thy youth.

Then bless His holy Name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days!
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!

— J. Montgomery.



To every man there openeth
A way, and ways, and a way.
And the high Soul climbs the high way,
And the low Soul gropes the low;
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A high way and a low,
And every man decideth
The way his Soul shall go.

— John Oxenham.



THE "QUIET HOUR"

Ours is an age which has enormously increased in material possessions. We are beginning to realize, however, that the richness of our inner life has not kept pace with the growth of our outward wealth, and that we are, many of us, spiritually destitute. We are feeling the need of something which in the midst of the strain of life to-day will give us the "quiet heart" and an inward happiness; something which will deepen our spiritual selves.

A "quiet hour" for reading, meditation, and prayer, offers an opportunity to fill this need, and it will cultivate within us a sense of the Presence of God.



All this day I am going to live worthily as a child of God. His love is round me. Underneath are the Everlasting Arms. I am going to be honest and true and courageous in all events of life, and I believe that to those who love God all things work together for good. I am going to rise above all worry, fretting, fear, and hatred, to live in an atmosphere of spiritual serenity. My life is part of God's plan, and that which is divine within me can never fail nor be defeated. Behind all that comes, God's love and wisdom will be present to strengthen and sustain.



Out of darkness to dawn, out of silence to song, out of the less to the large, so always is it when Thou art our Goal.

— W. A. Quale.



There are times when one should be content with what he has, but never with what he is.

— W. G. Jordan.



A man's morning devotions should be his spiritual gymnastics. Choose for your morning thought something that will give tone and vigor, poise and power, resistance and resilience, for the day's work.

It is the spirit that wins.

— L. E. Emerson.

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Remember that God trusts you.

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Lift up your eyes.

✠ ✠ ✠

You cannot do it alone.

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Remember that stumbling-blocks may become stepping-stones.

— L. E. Emerson.

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Be careful of your criticisms, for there are "hidden tragedies and hidden heroisms lodged deep in many a heart."

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Religion offers to some minds their only adequate object of Love. Life has failed: God will not fail.

— L. E. Emerson.

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The peace before battle is what makes for Victory. To-morrow's battle is won to-day.

— J. W. S. JR.

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God's desire is to use you as a channel, through which to send His blessings, that they may freely flow from Him to those who are in need of refreshment and renewal.

— J. W. S.

Was it long ago, or was it but yesterday, that we prayed for strength to perform a certain duty, to bear a certain burden; to overcome a certain temptation, and received it? Do we dream that the Divine Force was exhausted in answering that one prayer? Not any more than the great river is exhausted by turning the wheels of one mill. Put it to the proof again, with to-day's duty, to-day's burden, to-day's temptation. Thrust yourself further and deeper into the stream of God's power, and feel it again, as you have felt it before.

— Henry van Dyke.



Turn worry into prayer.



God, who teaches the trees to grow, who inspires the birds to build their nests, and through the mystery of instinct leads all living things along their way, is also present in my life, calling me to be true, to be honest, to be steadfast, to be unafraid. God's power and wisdom move through my life. I will therefore walk bravely as His child. He has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and "As thy day is, even so shall thy strength be," and I shall trust Him.

Dwell deep, my soul, dwell deep. I am not my body. The essential thing about me is my spiritual life. So long as I am honest and true, and trust in God, my soul is beyond the reach of all adversity. No physical illness or financial trouble can touch the essential and eternal "me." Because I am God's child I can meet all that comes in the day's work bravely and serenely. "In Him I live and move and have my being."

I will think as little of myself as possible to-day, fixing my mind upon my work, my friends, those I can help, and God. I will throw off vain regrets, and fears for new experience, in trying to serve God worthily this day and hour.

— Albert W. Palmer.



If we used as much intercession as we do criticism, there might be less sense of the weariness and emptiness of social life.



Much of our praying is worse than useless because it is desperate. The prayer that avails is the brave, joyous, serenely confident prayer.



A PRAYER FOR EARLY MORNING

O Lord, we beseech Thee, look down in infinite pity upon this Thy world; for the day is at hand, and Thy children must soon awake to life, and toil, and temptation. O Thou who art the Lover of men, let Thy Spirit wait to meet each one of us upon the threshold of the dawn, and lead us through the coming day. Like as a Father pitieth his own children so dost Thou pity all the woeful and the heavy-hearted. Look down upon all those who must so soon awake to their griefs; speak comfortably to them. Remember those in pain who must so soon take up again their weary burdens. Look down upon the hungry and the rich, the evil and the good, that in this new day, each finding something of Thy mercy and love, they may give thanks unto the Lord, for His mercy endureth forever. Amen.



O Giver of life and light, we ask, at the beginning of this new day, that Thou wilt be with us through all its hours. We trust Thee for strength for each duty, for power to resist temptation, for the vision to recognize each opportunity, and wisdom to meet it. Show us how we may better serve with what we have, and help us to serve Thee further by patience amid our disabilities. Keep us so near Thee that our feet may not stray from where Thou leadest, and bring us all to the day's close and the eventide free from conscious wrong, for the sake of Thy dear Son, whom we love. Amen.

Once more a new day lies before us, our Father. As we go out among men to do our work, touching the hands and lives of our fellows, make us, we pray Thee, friends of all the world. Save us from blighting the fresh flower of any heart by the flare of sudden anger or secret hate. May we not bruise the rightful self-respect of any by contempt or malice. Help us to cheer the suffering by our sympathy, to freshen the drooping by our hopefulness, to strengthen in all the wholesome sense of the worth and the joy of life. Save us from the deadly poison of class pride. May we look all men in the face with the eyes of a brother. If any one needs us, make us ready to help ungrudgingly; and may we rejoice that we have it in us to be helpful to our fellow-men. Amen.



Eternal God, who hast neither dawn nor evening, yet sendest us alternate mercies of the darkness and the day; there is no light but Thine, without, within. As Thou liftest the curtain of night from our bodies, take also the veil from all our hearts. Rise with Thy morning upon our souls: quicken all our labor and our prayer; and though all else declines, let the noontide of Thy grace and peace remain. May we walk while it is yet day, in the steps of Him who, with fewest hours, finished Thy divinest work, Thy Son, our Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.



Heavenly Father, in Whom is no darkness at all, nor any shadow that is cast by turning, forgive our feverish ways, — our anxieties, our fears, our uncertainties. We are like children walking wilfully and blindly in darkness while the world without is ablaze with light.

Open our eyes that we may see Thee, and our minds that we may understand and know Thee. Help us to make the great adventure of faith and discover the secret of peace, in finding Thee, Thou great Companion of our souls.

So may we walk in light; light for the mind, and light for the heart, and light continually on our paths as we walk humbly before Thee, and with good-will toward all our brother men. Amen.



Thine is the day, O Lord, and Thine the night. Grant that the Sun of Righteousness may abide in our hearts, to drive away the darkness of wicked thoughts; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



O Thou who hast ordered this wondrous world, who knowest all things in earth and heaven; so fill our hearts with trust in Thee, that by night and by day, at all times and in all seasons, we may without fear commit those who are dear to us to Thy never-failing love, for this life and the life to come. Amen.

EVENING

At evening came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be with you.

Now from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.

New time, new favors, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

— John Mason.



To-night I lay the burden by,
As one who rests beside the road,
And from his wearied back unbinds
The whelming load.

I kneel by hidden pools of prayer —
Still waters fraught with healing power;
In God's green pastures I abide
This longed-for hour.

I know that day must bid me face
Courageously my task again,
Serving with steady hand and heart
My fellow-men.

To hold my sorrow in the dark,
To fight my fear, to hide my pain,
And never for one hour to dream
The toil is vain —

This be to-morrow; now, to-night,
Great, pitying Father, I would be
Forgiven, uplifted, loved, renewed,
Alone with Thee.

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Lie down and sleep.
Leave it with God to keep
This sorrow, which is part
Now of your heart.
When you awake,
If still 'tis there to take,
Utter no wild complaint;
Work waits your hands;
If you should faint,
God understands.

— Trask.

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For all who watch to-night,
By land, or sea, or air,
O Father, may they know that Thou
Art with them "even there."

For all who weep to-night,
The hearts that cannot rest,
Reveal Thy love, that wondrous love
Which gave for us Thy best.

For all who wake to-night
Love's tender watch to keep,
Watcher Divine, Thyself draw nigh,
Thou who dost never sleep.

For all who fear to-night,
Whate'er the dread may be,
We ask for them the perfect peace
Of hearts that rest in Thee.

Our own beloved to-night,
O Father, keep, and where
Our love and succor cannot reach
Now bless them through our prayer.

And all who pray to-night,
Thy wrestling hosts, O Lord,
Make weakness strong, let them prevail
According to Thy Word.

One ship drives east, another drives west,
While the self-same breezes blow;
It's the set of the sails and not the gales
That bids them where to go.

Like the wave of the sea and the ways of fate
As we voyage along through life,
It's the set of the soul that decides the goal
And not the storm and strife.



The old, old story; yet I kneel
To tell it at Thy call;
And cares grow lighter as I feel
My Father knows them all.
Yes, all! The morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,
The hourly thorn and cross.

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And He has loved me! all my heart
With answering love is stirred;
And every anguished pain and smart
Finds healing in the word.
So here I lay me down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean, confiding, on His breast
Who knows and pities all!

IN THE BEGINNING

The great God dreamed a dream through me,
Mighty as dream of God could be;
He made me a victorious man,
Shaped me into a perfect plan,
Summoned me forth to radiant birth
Upon the radiant earth.

He lavished gifts within my hand,
Gave me the power to command
The thundering forces that he hurled
Upon the seething world. . . .

Creation's dream was wondrous good
Had I but understood.

The great God dreamed a dream through me,
But I was blind and could not see;
My royal gifts were laid in rust,
For parentage, I claimed the dust.
Decay and sorrow, age and blight —
These gifts I deemed my right.

The great God spoke a word through me —
That word was *Life*. How can it be
That I, in God's own substance made,
Should face the universe afraid?
Born of eternal life am I —
Why should I fail and die?

O God, so huge was thine intent,
So greatly was thy passion spent,
This counterfeit is not the plan
That Thou didst dream for man.
'Tis this: Man's dream must mate with Thine,
Man's word, man's life, must be divine;
Man must be conscious through and through
To make Thy dream come true!

— Angela Morgan.



I know the night is now at hand,
The mists lie low on hill and bay;
The autumn sheaves are dewless, dry,
But I have had the day.

Yes, I have had, dear Lord, the day;
When, at Thy call, I have the night
Brief be the twilight as I pass
From light to dark, from dark to light.

— S. Weir Mitchell.



I thought I left my Father's loving care
To wander for awhile 'mid wild alarms,
But lo! it was a dream — I woke and found
Myself at rest within His shelt'ring arms.

— Celia Congreve.

The day and the work God gave me are done, and now He has given me the night, quiet and beautiful for rest. I trust myself, body and spirit, into His keeping through the mystery of sleep. As the tides from the ocean fill the bay, so power and love and peace shall fill my life to overflowing, as I rest quietly in Him. Because I am God's child I rest in Him, bravely, quietly, patiently, lovingly, with confidence and perfect self-control.



God has given you definite work, definite powers, definite limitations. He planned all three to fit; therefore you need not worry about results, so long as you put duty before pleasure and do your best. To-day's inadequacy or mistake will be woven by the Great Weaver into the pattern of your life, — and that of him who suffered from it. Tell Him about it to-night, but have done with it to-morrow, except in so far as you can gain a hint from it for wiser work next time.



Finish every day, and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.

— Emerson.

Be patient still, O God, suffer us yet a while longer; with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavors against evil, suffer us a while longer to endure, and it may be help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, brace us to play the man under affliction. Be with our friends; be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any dream, be their dreams quiet; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns, return to us our Sun and Comforter, and call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts — eager to labor — eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion — and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it. Amen.



Our Father, we thank Thee for all the friendly folk who have come into our lives this day, gladdening us by their human kindness. We bless Thee that we are set amidst this rich brotherhood of kindred life, with its mysterious power to quicken and uplift. Make us eager to pay the due price for what we get by putting forth our own life in wholesome good-will and by bearing cheerily the troubles that go with all joys. Above all, we thank Thee for those who share our higher life, the comrades of our better self, in whose companionship we break the mystic Bread of Life, and feel the glow of Thy wonderful

Presence. Into Thy keeping we commit our friends, and pray that we may never lose their love by losing Thee. Amen.



Help us, O God, to rise through courage to Victory, and to win freedom and peace.



Accept the work of this day, O Lord, as we lay it at Thy feet. Thou knowest its imperfections, and we know. Of the brave purposes of the morning only a few have found their fulfillment. We bless Thee that Thou art no hard taskmaster, watching the stint of work we bring, but the Father and Teacher of men who rejoices with us as we learn to work. We have naught to boast before Thee, but we do not fear Thy face. Thou knowest all things, and Thou art Love. Accept every right intention, however brokenly fulfilled. But grant that ere our life is done we may under Thy tuition become true master workmen, who know the art of a just and valiant and purposeful life; through Christ our Master. Amen.



Abide with us, O Lord, this night, that the brightness of Thy love may be around us, and that the darkness be not dark. Abide with us, O Lord, this night, for in loneliness we are not alone if Thou be nigh.

Abide with the sick, the sorrowful, the forsaken, and the weary, O Lord, to strengthen, to comfort, to cheer, and to give rest. Shield us all from that darkness of the soul which seeth Thee not, that loneliness of the heart which heareth not Thy voice.

Abide with us through life, and in the valley of the shadow of death forsake us not, but bid us be of good courage, for Thou art with us still.

Blessing and glory and thanksgiving be unto Thee, O God, forever. Amen.



Lord, support us all the day long of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then in Thy mercy grant us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last. Amen.



SUNDAY

For this God is our God for ever and ever.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

Fear not, I am with Thee; oh, be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

—"K."



Religious! What, precisely, is Religion? Is it merely going to church on Sundays? Is it singing hymns? Is it merely the scrupulous saying of one's daily prayers? Is that all it means for us — all it can be made to mean? If so, keep it silent then. But if it means a more carefully beautiful life, with finer and higher sympathies and

manners for everyday uses of life; if it might suggest a quicker and more keen-sighted compassion for unobtrusive sorrows, a less cruel contempt for uncomprehended failure and mistake, a less open and sickening worship of wealth for wealth's sake, a stronger and more fervent desire to lessen but for one day, one hour, some small part of the great crushing burden that we help to lay on the hapless shoulders of others — if Religion means this, then in God's name let us speak of it!

— M. Linskill.



Religion is the highest form of the expression of love that human beings are capable of creating.

— L. E. Emerson.



May we live this day, and every day, in blessed preparation for the larger life and fuller service awaiting us.



The Master was fortified; even from Gethsemane he came victorious. Is it not true that sooner or later unavoidable trouble comes to every one, and that it does one of two things, — either embitters him, leaving him resentful, discouraged, cynical; or else it ennobles him, leaving him humbler, kinder, with a deeper spiritual insight and a firmer trust in God? Is not the difference inside the man himself? What a testing of character adversity is! One house may look as well as another on

a fair day; but Jesus was a builder, and He knew that a storm reveals the kind of foundation underneath. When financial trouble comes, when plans fail, when death strikes the family, when accidents spoil cherished ambitions, or health proves inadequate for the burdens assumed, how men's moral foundations are revealed! Have you underneath your life such an assurance that God cares most of all for spiritual success which is inward, and that He can help you to make even adversity contribute to character; have you such a conviction that "To be faithless is to fail, whatever the apparent success of earth; to be faithful is to succeed, whatever the apparent failure of earth"; are you, in a word, so deeply grounded in the faith of the Master, that you can stand unshaken in the day of storm?

— Fosdick.



No one can become good merely by trying. A deepening character is generally the unconscious result of consciously chosen influences. Find a Friend, believe in him and love him; see a great Cause and give yourself to its work; feel the power of a Book and saturate yourself with its spirit; find a Brotherhood of Spirits like yours in aspiration and join it; and loving your Friend, serving your Cause, absorbing your Book, and coöperating with your Brotherhood, do not think too much about your own character, for your character will take care of itself. You cannot choose to be Christlike and attain

your choice by trying; but you can choose Christ for your Friend, His Kingdom for your Cause, the Bible for your book, the Church for your Brotherhood, and these consciously chosen influences will unconsciously transform your life.

— Fosdick.



Christ — the revelation of a new life — the inspiration of a new hope — the communication of a new strength.

— Father Tyrrell.



God never ceases to speak to us; but the noise of the world without, and the tumult of our passions within, bewilder us, and prevent us from listening to Him. All must be silent around us, and all must be still within us, when we would listen with our whole souls to this voice. It is a still, small voice, and is only heard by those who listen to no other. Alas! how seldom is it that the soul is so still that it can hear when God speaks to it. Our vain desires and our self-love confuse the voice within us. We know that it speaks to us, that it demands something of us; but we cannot hear what it says, and we are often glad that it is unintelligible. Ought we to wonder that so many, even religious persons, who are engrossed with amusements, full of vain desires, false wisdom, and self-confidence, cannot understand it, and regard this interior word of God as a chimera?

— Fénelon.

Stir up, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the wills of Thy faithful people; that we, being strong in the Lord and in the power of His might, may fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



Heavenly Father, we commend ourselves to Thee this day. Be with us, we beseech Thee, in prayer, to quicken our devotion; in praises, to heighten our love and gratitude; keep us from all wandering thoughts; fill our memory with the words of Thy law, and enlighten our understanding with the illumination of Thy Holy Spirit. Remember in mercy all who are hindered from coming to Thy house, or who are deprived of the means of grace. Bless and teach all those who this day give themselves to the instruction of the young or ignorant, and grant to us and Thy whole Church that at length, with all Thy faithful servants departed, we may enter into that rest which remaineth for Thy people; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



We have brought to Thy House, O God, our pride, our selfishness, our indifference, our ingratitude. Yet we are Thy children. Thou hast redeemed us. Thou hast called us by Thy name. We are Thine. Melt our hearts with the divine glow of Thy Presence, and send

us home forgetful of everything save Thy goodness, and the infinite debt we owe to our fellow-men. Amen.



Give us, O God, a thoroughgoing and radical belief in human brotherhood, and grant that what we Sunday by Sunday profess with our lips, we may really believe in our hearts, and faithfully practice in our lives, even though it hurts; through Christ, that great Brother and Master of us all. Amen.



THE CATHEDRAL PRAYER

O God, Father of us all, make this church of ours, we pray Thee, a place where men and women of all sorts and conditions of life and belief may come face to face with Thee, and know surely that the Eternal God is their refuge, and that underneath are the Everlasting Arms. Touch each one who enters here with the renewing sense of Thy Presence.

Here may the weak come to gather strength from Thee, the sorrowful to find comfort, the doubting to find a sure ground of certitude, the young to arm themselves with high and uncompromising ideals, the strong to renew their righteous courage and enthusiasm as they carry on Thy work in the world, the old to find that inner peace which passeth all understanding as the shadows lengthen and the evening falls.

Bless our church in all of its activities, renew its vitality, strengthen its faith in Christ as the Master of the world. Write deep in the heart of each one of us the abiding conviction that we are Thy witnesses in the world, and give us the courage and the faith to be true to Thee and to Thine image in ourselves, in thought, word, and deed. Fill our lives with the single motive of service, and use us, Lord, use us for Thine own purposes, just as Thou wilt, and when, and where; through Christ our Master. Amen.



O God, who art Truth, O God who art Spirit, help us in spirit and in truth to worship Thy great Name; not acknowledging Thee in one place or at one time only, but in every place, and at every time, in all we do and in all we see, in our work and in our rest, in our laughter and our tears, in loneliness and in fellowship, in the eye of day and in the shadow of night, beneath the open sky as in the house of prayer, in the heart of the little child as in the wisdom of the man, in the fullness of health and strength and happiness as in the valley of the shadow of death, through which, O Heavenly Father, do Thou in Thy mercy bear us to never-ending life and light and love. Amen.



SUNDAY EVENING

Lord, we lift our souls to Thee in the awe of the eventide. We bless Thee for every word of solemn truth which has entered our hearts, for every touch of loving hand that has comforted us, for every opportunity we have had to speak some message from our heart to the heart of our brothers. Forgive us if any hours have been wasted on profitless things that have brought us no satisfaction, or if we have dragged our dusty cares into Thy sacred day, and made the holy common. We pray for Thy blessing on all who have come near to us this day, on all who have brought us strength, on all who are sad and hungry for Thee, on all Thy great humanity in its sin and beauty. May our last waking thought be a benediction for our fellows, and in our sleep may we still be with Thee. Amen.



Almighty God, at whose right hand are pleasures forevermore; We pray Thee to make our religion one of joy and brightness, and to dispel from our minds all doubt and gloom. Grant that day by day our lips may be singing Thy praises, and our hearts be gladdened in holy anticipation of the life that knows no ending. Amen.



Grant, we beseech Thee, merciful Lord, to Thy faithful people pardon and peace, that they may be cleansed from all their sins, and serve Thee with a quiet mind. Amen.

ALL SAINTS' DAY

In Christ shall all be made alive.

The saints of God! Their conflict past,
 And life's long battle won at last,
 No more they need the shield or sword,
 They cast them down before their Lord:
 O happy saints! forever blest,
 At Jesus' feet how safe you rest!

The saints of God! Their wanderings done,
 No more their weary course they run,
 No more they faint, no more they fall,
 No foes oppress, no fears appall:
 O happy saints! forever blest,
 In that dear home how sweet your rest!

The saints of God! Life's voyage o'er,
 Safe landed on that blissful shore,
 No stormy tempests now they dread,
 No roaring billows lift their head:
 O happy saints! forever blest,
 In that calm haven of your rest!

.

O God of saints! To Thee we cry;
 O Saviour! plead for us on high;
 O Holy Ghost! our guide and friend,
 Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
 That with all saints our rest may be
 In that bright Paradise with Thee!

— W. D. MacLagan.

Because He lives, we shall live also.



The true church, the only church worth living in or fighting for, is this communion of saints. It is the answer to the Saviour's prayer, "I in them and Thou in Me, that they all may be one in us." And now do you ask me how can one enter into this Society? The saint is he in whom God dwells. But God comes to dwell in men, by His Holy Spirit, in the great work of the personal regeneration. Do you ask then, "How shall I enter into the company of saints"? You have kept your heart full of selfishness. You must turn it all out, and take God in, and straightway, living by Him, and for Him, you are one with the living saints, and the dead.

— Phillips Brooks.



We shall soon find him again whom we have lost; we come a long step nearer to him every day. It is only the imagination and the senses that miss their object; he whom we can no longer see, is closer to us than before; we meet him continually in our common center, God. As for me, who was deprived of seeing him for so many years, I talk to him, I open my heart to him, I seem to find him in God, and although I wept bitterly at the news of his death, I cannot feel that I have lost him.

— Fénelon.

O God of all the living; we thank Thee for the happy memory of those whom Thou hast called out of this transitory life into the eternal joy of Thy Presence. Thine they were upon the earth, as we are Thine; and Thine are they and we in differing experience still. Though our eyes cannot see them, and our ears are deaf to their remembered voices, we bless Thee that they are never absent from Thy loving care. We thank Thee for their lives of earthly service, for the happy days we spent in their companionship, the example of their faith and patience, the teaching of their words and deeds, and for their share in heaven's new opportunities of service. We confess to Thee our neglects and transgressions, our coldness and misapprehension while they lived upon the earth, which we may no more confess to them. Our hearts have rest, knowing that Thy love changes not, and that they see Thy face with unobstructed vision. Help us so to live that they may welcome us with joy when Thou shalt call us to Thyself at last. Amen.

THANKSGIVING DAY

*Thanks be to God, for He is gracious, for His mercy endureth
for evermore.*

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

.
Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest-home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, forever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

— Henry Alford.

132 *The Inner Life — Thanksgiving Day*

When Thy heart with joy o'erflowing
Sings a thankful prayer,
In thy joy, O let thy brother
With thee share.

When the harvest-sheaves ingathered
Fill thy barns with store,
To thy God, and to thy brother,
Give the more.

If thy soul with power uplifted,
Yearn for glorious deed —
Give thy strength to serve thy brother
In his need.

Share with him thy bread of blessing,
Sorrow's burden share;
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
God is there.



It is astonishing how many mercies we swallow
without ever tasting them.



How often we got the answer and never noticed
when it came!



O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits, Thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all!

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all!

.

To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all!

— Bishop C. Wordsworth.



Almighty God, who hast given us the fruits of the earth in their season; We most heartily thank Thee for these Thy gifts, beseeching Thee to grant us grace to use them rightly, for our own sustenance, and the relief of those in need, that we who have freely received of Thy bounty, may of Thy bounty freely give. Amen.

CHRISTMAS

Unto you is born this day a Saviour.

Where is Jesus born to-day?
Not in Bethlehem far away;
Not where shepherds wondering stand
With their flocks in David's land;
He is born within thy breast
When Thou doest God's behest.

When there falls the mourner's tear;
When faith triumphs over fear;
When thou choosest for thy part
Purity of life and heart;
When thou leavest every sin,
Then is Jesus born within.

Where is felt another's woe;
Where for love of Christ we go;
Where we suffer with the weak;
Where the least or lost we seek;
Where we soothe another's pain,
There is Jesus born again.



A BALLAD OF CHRISTMAS EVE

There was a gentle hostler
 (And blessèd be his name!)
He opened up the stable
 The night Our Lady came.
Our Lady and St. Joseph,
 He gave them food and bed,
And Jesus Christ has given him,
 A glory round his head.

*So let the gate swing open,
 However poor the yard,
Lest weary people visit you
 And find their passage barred.
Unlatch the door at midnight
 And let your lantern's glow
Shine out to guide the traveler's feet
 To you across the snow.*

There was a courteous hostler —
 (He is in heaven to-night)
He held Our Lady's bridle
 And helped her to alight.
He spread clean straw before her
 Whereon she might lie down,
And Jesus Christ has given him
 An everlasting crown.

*Unlock the door this evening,
And let your gate swing wide;
Let all who ask for shelter
Come speedily inside.
What if your yard be narrow?
What if your house be small?
There is a Guest is coming
Will glorify it all.*

*There was a joyous hostler
Who knelt on Christmas morn
Beside the radiant manger
Wherein his Lord was born.
His heart was full of laughter,
His soul was full of bliss,
When Jesus, on His Mother's lap,
Gave him His hand to kiss.*

*Unbar your heart this evening,
And keep no stranger out;
Take from your soul's great portal
The barrier of doubt.
To humble folk and weary
Give hearty welcoming,
Your breast shall be to-morrow
The cradle of a King.*

— Joyce Kilmer.



The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young.
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, old earth, is coming to-night!
On the snowflakes that cover Thy sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

— Phillips Brooks.



Then let every heart keep its Christmas within,
Christ's pity of sorrow, Christ's hatred for sin,
Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right—
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

— Phillips Brooks.



O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

— Phillips Brooks.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world — stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death — and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas. And if you keep it for a day, why not always? But you never can keep it alone.

— Henry van Dyke.



God so loved that He gave; . . . carry the spirit of Christmas with you for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.



O blessed Lord Jesus, our choicest gift, our dearest guest; Give us thankful hearts for Thee to-day. Let not our souls be busy inns that have no room for Thee and Thine, but quiet homes of prayer and praise, where Thou mayst find fit company, where the needful cares of life are wisely ordered and put away, and wide sweet spaces kept for Thee, where holy thoughts pass up and down, and fervent longings watch and wait Thy coming. So when Thou comest again, O Blessed One, mayst Thou find all things ready, and Thy servants waiting for no new master, but for one long loved and known. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Amen.



THE NEW YEAR

*Day by day we magnify Thee, and we worship Thy name ever,
world without end.*

Build thee more stately mansions, Oh my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

— Holmes.



Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me;
Let me praise a little more;
Let me be, when I am weary,
Just a little bit more cheery,
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver
When temptation bids me waver;
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be;
Let me be a little meeker,
With the brother that is weaker;
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me.

Let me be a little sweeter,
 Make my life a bit completer,
 By doing what I should do
 Every minute of the day;
 Let me toil without complaining,
 Not a humble task disdaining;
 Let me face the summons calmly
 When death beckons me away.

— Edgar A. Guest.

✠ ✠ ✠

Grace from on high to do the daily task,
 More love to those who round my pathway throng,
 More light to see, my faith and hope more strong,
 This my petition, this the boon I ask.

✠ ✠ ✠

THE NEW YEAR

New Year's Day is Opportunity. We are always putting off what we should do now. "In the future," we say, "we will do what we ought, be what we ought, make certain essential changes in our mode of living, acquire a finer inwardness. Some day we will change." We seem to delude ourselves into believing that the future will cure certain imperfections, — that as a matter of course we shall outgrow them. But when? Ten years from now? Ten months? Ten days? Ten seconds? It is all the same. We divide Time into three parts, — Past, Present, Future. But there is only Past and Future.

The Present is simply an infinitesimal instant of time dividing the Past from the Future. Time is flying by us. The Future is ever becoming the Past. There is no Now! The Future is three seconds, one second, ahead. But even as we speak, the Future has become the Past. We dare not put off into the Future doing things which should be done — being the persons we should be. Oh, we are so often the “dupes of future purpose.” Always to-morrow! And still to-morrow! And always the Future is becoming the Past. And always we put off, and put off — until all has become the Past. “And the door was shut.”

Time waits for no man. We need, if we are to change in the right way, if we are to progress, to begin now. We are changing always, — we cannot help it. To live is to change, so speaks the philosophy of progress. We are always changing. In what direction? That is the question. New Year gives us the opportunity to sit down, take account of ourselves, test and correct our compasses, and get rid of useless baggage. Definitely to set ourselves changing always upwards and onwards — that is our task. To move towards real life — life itself, not the mere husks of life — towards Christ, who sums up real life — to win our place in the sun, the sunlight of God’s presence — this is our business. “The great affair of life is that man should remain a man — live his life, and, no matter what the road is, march to his aim, not lose himself in crossroads, nor load himself with useless bur-

dens. . . . Let a flower be a flower, and a swallow a swallow, and a rock a rock — but let a man be a man in the highest and noblest sense of the word — let a man be a man, and not a fox, nor a hare, nor a hog, nor a bird of prey." To be Man with thy might — that is the heart of the whole matter. To grow strong in the strength of God's Spirit and to "live out thy life as the light."

May this New Year be the starting point of a richer, nobler life for each of us. "I will arise and go to my Father."



Wouldst shape a noble life? Then cast
 No backward glances at the past.
 And though somewhat be lost and gone
 Yet do thou act as one newborn.
 What each day needs, that thou shalt ask —
 Each day will set its proper task.

— Goethe.



A NEW YEAR'S WISH

Health enough to make work a pleasure; wealth enough to support your needs; strength enough to battle with difficulties and overcome them; grace enough to confess your sins and forsake them; patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished; charity that shall see some good in your neighbor; cheerfulness that shall make others glad; love that shall move you to be useful and helpful; faith that shall make real the things of God;

and hope that shall remove all anxious fears concerning the future. It is not doing the things we like to do, but liking the things we have to do that makes life blessed.



Life is full of ends, but every end is a new beginning, and we are continually coming to the point where we close one chapter, but we always can turn and open a new and better and a diviner chapter.

— Phillips Brooks.



Dear God, our Father, the sweeping course of time brings us to the threshold of another year. We pause — ere we plunge into the new — and look back upon the old. It holds much we regret, — opportunities lost, wrongs done, blind gropings in the dark. Forgive our frailties, and help us to do better. As in the changing seasons, nature, by Thy Hand, is clothed upon, — the old shaken off, the new born within, — so by Thy Spirit enter our lives, and rid us of all of which Thou canst not approve; be born in us with all Thy quickening power, clothe us with the garments of service and of love. Teach us this one lesson, that real joy in life comes from peace in the soul, and peace in the soul is the effect of Thy Presence, and Thy Presence is maintained only when we forget ourselves and lose ourselves in service to others. May this be our watchword during the coming year. Help us, O God, always to keep the goal in sight, and to live in its light. In the name of Jesus Christ we ask this of Thee. Amen.

GOOD FRIDAY

And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.

When I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a tribute far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

— Isaac Watts.



The suffering Saviour inly known, and through His wounds letting out His life into the starved lives of those who hold Him fast, that is the gospel. It is not what church you belong to, or what work you do, but what you know of, how deeply you are fed by Him — the suffering Saviour. That is the question for the soul.

— Phillips Brooks.



The Lord took bread, and said it was His Body; and He gave thanks for it, and broke it, and gave it to them and said: "Do this in remembrance of me." He took

the bread of which he said it was His Body — “This is My Body: as I treat this bread, so I treat My Body” — and gave it to them; and said, “Do that, if you want to show you remember Me.” Do what? The sign, no doubt. But far more important, what it signifies. The demand is nothing less than this, that men should take their whole human life, and break it, and give it for the good of others.

— Archbishop Temple.



Merciful Jesus, who wast lifted up upon the Cross that Thou mightest draw all men unto Thee; Have mercy upon Thy sinful servants and draw them closer to Thyself through the power of Thy blessed Cross. O dear Redeemer, we are still too far from Thee. We ask Thee with all our hearts to draw us nearer. We would be drawn nearer to Thee in faith, learning to know better the precious teaching of the Cross. We would be drawn nearer to Thee in love, loving Thee better for Thy love to us. We would be drawn nearer to Thee in likeness, copying the pattern of Thy perfect meekness and patience. Draw us, O merciful Saviour, lifted up from the earth upon the Cross, — draw us with the strong cords of Thy love; embrace us with the outstretched arms of Thy compassion; and through all trials and temptations, in all times of weakness and of danger, keep us close to Thee, and suffer us not to go from Thee; for Thine infinite mercies' sake. Amen.

EASTER

I am the resurrection and the life.

EASTER EVEN

I pray that Christ may come to thee at break of day,
And, as to Mary, so to thee be known, in His own way;
Called by thy name, in His most tender tone,
Thou may'st with joy thy risen Master own.

I pray that as the Apostles found the Lord the lake
beside,
Thou too in hours of toil shall feel Him near, close to
thy side!
Strength in thy weakness, comfort in distress,
Earth's roughness clothed with His own loveliness.

And may He come to thee again at eve, when toil shall
cease,
As to the Twelve in that blest upper room, with word of
peace;
That thou may'st hear His promise in thine ears,
"Fear not, for I am with thee all these years."



EASTER DAY

He is risen, He is risen;
Tell it out with joyful voice;
He has burst His three days' prison;
Let the whole wide earth rejoice:
Death is conquered, man is free,
Christ has won the victory.

— Cecil Francis Alexander.



The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.

Alleluia!



A living Christ, dear friend! the old, ever new, ever blessed Easter truth! He liveth; He was dead; He is alive for evermore. Oh, that everything dead and formal might go out of our creed, out of our life, out of our hearts to-day. He is alive! Do you believe it? What are you dreary for, O mourner? what are you hesitating for, O worker? what are you fearing death for, O man? Oh, if we could only lift up our heads and live with Him; live new lives, high lives, lives of hope and love and holiness, to which death should be nothing but the breaking away of the last cloud, and the letting of the life out to its completion!

May God give us some such blessing for our Easter Day.

— Phillips Brooks.

O risen Lord! Who givest us the Victory; Raise us, we pray Thee, from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness, and fill us with all spiritual benediction and grace, that both now and in the world to come we may have life everlasting. Amen.



Father, we thank Thee for the faithful souls that have blessed the world, whose lives shine as the light; holy ones who have feared God, who have bravely upheld the right, and generously lived for other's good; who have freely chosen suffering rather than sin, and felt Thy favor to be better than life. Oh, may their pure and noble lives animate and quicken our hearts. And in our souls may there burn a desire like them to become true children of God; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE JOY OF SERVICE

*Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren,
ye did it unto me.*

Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring
 With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
 Whom Christ doth heal.

Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring
 With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
 From dark despair.

Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring
 With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
 For Christ our Lord.

Christ for the world we sing!
 The world to Christ we bring
 With joyful song;
 The newborn souls, whose days,
 Reclaimed from error's ways,
 Inspired with hope and praise,
 To Christ belong.

— S. Wolcott.



The while I listened came a word —
 I knew not whence, I could not see —
 But when my waiting spirit heard,
 I cried, " Lord, here am I; send me! "

— Phillips Brooks.



THE BETTER PRAYER

I thank Thee, Lord, for strong right arm
 To earn my bread.
 And that, beyond my need, is meat
 For friend unfed;
 I thank Thee much for bread to live,
 I thank Thee more for bread to give.
 I thank Thee, Lord, for snug thatched roof,
 In cold and storm,
 And that, beyond my need, is room
 For friend forlorn;
 I thank Thee much for needful rest,
 But more for shelter for my guest.

I thank Thee, Lord, for lavish love
On me bestowed,
Enough to share with unloved folk,
To ease their load;
Thy love for me I ill could spare,
But dearer is the love I share.

— Davis.



Did you give him a lift? He's a brother of man,
And bearing about all the burden he can.
Did you give him a smile? He was downcast and blue,
And a smile would have helped him to battle it through.
Did you give him your hand? He was slipping down hill,
And the world, so I fancied, was using him ill.
Did you give him a word? Did you show him the road?
Or did you just let him go on with his load?

— James W. Foley.



'Tis the human touch in this world that counts,
The touch of your hand and mine,
Which means far more to the fainting heart
Than shelter and bread and wine.
The shelter is gone when the night is o'er,
And bread lasts only a day,
But the touch of the hand and the sound of the voice
Sing on in the soul always.

— Spencer M. Free, M.D.

Whether we climb, whether we plod,
Space for one task the scant years lend —
To choose some path that leads to God,
And keep it to the end.



Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek,
Thy erring children lost and lone.

Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

Oh, fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow,
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

— Frances R. Havergal.



We know the paths wherein our feet should press,
Across our hearts are written Thy decrees,
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless
With more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labor as we know,
Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged with steel,
To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not, for knowledge Thou hast lent;
But Lord, the will — there lies our bitter need;
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed, the deed!

— John Drinkwater.



To be alive in such an age!
To live to it!
To give to it!
Rise, soul, from thy despairing knees.
What if thy lips have drunk the lees?
The passion of a larger claim
Will put thy puny grief to shame.
Fling forth thy sorrow to the wind
And link thy hope with humankind;
Breathe the world-thought, do the world-deed,
Think hugely of thy brother's need.
And what thy woe, and what thy weal?
Look to the work the times reveal!
Give thanks with all thy flaming heart,
Crave but to have in it a part.
Give thanks and clasp thy heritage —
To be alive in such an age!

From *To-day* — Angela Morgan.



A laugh is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day,
It tips the peaks of life with light,
And drives the clouds away.

The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong —
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along.

— R. D. Saunders.

TO THE HEIGHTS

I cried, "Dear angel, lead me to the heights
And spur me to the top."

The angel answered, "Stop
And set thy house in order, make it fair
For absent ones who may be speeding there;
Then we will talk of heights."

I put my house in order. "Now lead me on!"
The angel said, "Not yet;
Thy garden is beset
By thorns and tares; go weed it, so all those
Who come to gaze may find the unvexed rose,
Then we will journey on."

I weeded well my garden. "All is done."
The angel shook his head.
"A beggar stands," he said,
"Outside thy gates; till thou hast given heed
And soothed his sorrows and supplied his need
Say not that all is done."

The beggar left me, singing. "Now at last,
At last, the path is clear."
"Nay, there is one draws near
Who seeks, like thee, the difficult highway;
He lacks thy courage, cheer him thou this day,
Then we will cry, 'At last!'"

I helped my weaker brother. "Now the heights!

Oh, guide me, angel, guide!"

The presence at my side

With radiant face, said, "Look, where are we now?"

And lo! we stood upon the mountain's brow —

The heights, the shining heights!



HANDS OF TOIL

In the shop of Nazareth

Pungent cedar haunts the breath.

'Tis a low Eastern room,

Windowless, touched with gloom.

Workman's bench and simple tools

Line the wall. Chests and stools,

Yoke of ox, and shaft of plow

Finished by the Carpenter

Lie about the pavement now.

In the room the Craftsman stands,

Stands, and reaches out His hands.

Let the shadows veil His face

If you must: and dimly trace

His workman's tunic, girt with bands

At the waist. But His hands!

Let the light play on them!
Marks of toil lie on them!
Paint with passion and with care
Every old scar showing there
Where a tool slipt and hurt.
Be alert for each deep line of toil.

When night comes and I turn
From my shop, where I earn
Daily bread, let me see
Those hard hands: know that He
Shared my lot, every bit;
Was a man every whit.

Could I fear such a hand
Stretched toward me? Misunderstand
Or mistrust? Doubt that He
Meets me in full sympathy?
Carpenter! hard like Thine
Is this hand, this of mine —
I reach out, gripping Thee,
Son of Man, close to me —
Close and fast, fearlessly.

— Arthur Vaughn.



THE GOSPEL OF LABOUR

The legend of Felix is ended, the toiling of Felix is done;
The Master has paid him his wages, the goal of his journey is won;

He rests, but he never is idle; a thousand years pass like
a day,

In the glad surprise of the Paradise where work is sweeter
than play.

Yet often the King of that country comes out from his
tireless host,

And walks in this world of the weary, as if He loved it
the most;

For here in the dusty confusion, with eyes that are heavy
and dim,

He meets again the labouring men who are looking and
longing for Him.

He cancels the curse of Eden, and brings them a blessing
instead;

Blessèd are they that labour, for Jesus partakes of their
bread.

He puts His hand to their burdens, He enters their homes
at night:

Who does his best shall have as a guest the Master of
life and light.

And courage will come with His presence, and patience
return at His touch,
And manifold sins be forgiven to those who love Him
much;
And the cries of envy and anger will change to the songs
of cheer,
For the toiling age will forget its rage when the Prince of
Peace draws near.

This is the gospel of labour! ring it, ye bells of the kirk!
The Lord of Love came down from above, to live with
the men who work.

This is the rose that He planted, here in the thorn-cursed
soil —

Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of Earth
is toil.

— Van Dyke.



BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran —
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press on with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife;
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan —
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
And still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by —
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are
strong,
Wise, foolish — so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

— Sam Walter Foss.



If any little love of mine
 May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
 May make a friend's the fleeter;
If any lift of mine may ease
 The burden of another,
God give me love, and care, and strength
 To help my toiling brother.

— Philip James Bailey.



FOR ELECTION TIME

God give us men. The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and willing hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking!
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds
Mingle in selfish strife; lo! Freedom weeps!
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

— Josiah Gilbert Holland.



Give us Men!

Men — from every rank,
Fresh and free and frank;
Men of thought and reading,
Men of light and leading,
Men of loyal breeding,
The nation's welfare speeding;
Men of faith and not of fiction,
Men of lofty aim in action;
Give us Men — I say again,
Give us Men.

Strong and stalwart ones;
Men whom highest hope inspires,
Men whom purest honor fires,
Men who trample self beneath them,
Men who make their Country wreath them
As her noble sons,
Worthy of their sires.

Men who never shame their mothers,
Men who never fail their brothers,
True, however false all others.

.
True as Truth, though low and lonely,
Tender, as the brave are only;
Men who tread where saints have trod,
Men for Country — Home — and God;
Give us Men — I say again,
Give us such Men.

— Bishop of Exeter.

When wilt thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass like weeds away,
Their heritage a sunless day, —
God save the people!

Shall crime bring crime forever?
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
“No,” say the mountains; “No,” the skies!
Man’s clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend instead of sighs.
God save the people!

When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men.
God save the people; Thine they are,
Thy own dear children fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save, God save the people!

— Ebenezer Elliott.



Life has no more to give than the opportunity of loving service. The Christian, through submission to God, is constantly growing out of selfish ideals into a perception of the world as God's world.



Infinite pity is needed for the infinite pathos of human life. And a man cannot touch his neighbor's heart with anything less than his own.



If you do not wish for His kingdom, do not pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must also work for it.

— Ruskin.



Whoso hath the world's goods, and beholdeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how doth the love of God abide in him?

— 1 John 3: 17, R. V.



Hush, I pray you! What if this friend happen to be — God.

— Browning.



Did I but live nearer to God, I could be of so much more help.

— Geo. Hodges.

O Lord of Life, make our lives clear spaces where children may find happiness and law.



There still remains a huge stain on the honor of our country. There are yet many children under the age of sixteen at work in our mills, and mines, and fields, and factories. There still looms up before our generation two great figures. One is the figure of Mammon — and it is saying, “Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for theirs is the Kingdom of Toil, theirs is the burden of the human race.” But over against that figure stands another, the figure of Christ, and He is saying, “Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for to them belongs the Kingdom of God.” May we more and more turn to Christ until this great evil against the child life of our country has been eradicated.



The golf links lie so near the mill
That almost every day
The laboring children can look out
And watch the men at play.



A PRAYER FOR CHILDREN WHO WORK

O Thou great Father of the weak, lay Thy hand tenderly on all the little children on earth and bless them. Bless our own children, who are life of our life, and who have become the heart of our heart. Bless every little child-friend that has leaned against our knee and refreshed our soul by its smiling trustfulness. Be good to all children who long in vain for human love, or for flowers and water, and the sweet breast of nature. But bless with a sevenfold blessing the young lives whose slender shoulders are already bowed beneath the yoke of toil, and whose glad growth is being stunted forever. Suffer not their little bodies to be utterly sapped, and their minds to be given over to stupidity and the vices of an empty soul. We have all jointly deserved the millstone of Thy wrath for making these little ones to stumble and fall. Grant all employers of labor stout hearts to refuse enrichment at such a price. Grant to all the citizens and officers of states which now permit this wrong, the grace of holy anger. Help us to realize that every child of our nation is in very truth our child, a member of our great family. By the Holy Child that nestled in Mary's bosom, by the memories of our own childhood joys and sorrows, by the sacred possibilities that slumber in every child, we beseech Thee to save us from killing the sweetness of young life by the greed of gain.



God takes a hand wherever He can find one, and just does what He likes with it. Sometimes He takes a bishop's hand and lays it on a child's head in benediction; then He takes the hand of a doctor to relieve some sufferer's pain; the hand of a mother to guide her child; and sometimes He takes the hand of an old creature like me to give a bit of comfort to a neighbor. But they are all hands touched by His Spirit, and His Spirit is everywhere looking for hands to use.



O God, help us to praise Thee in consecrated and faithful lives; and make us, we pray Thee, the channels of Thine infinite pity and helpfulness. Amen.



O God, our Father, we dedicate ourselves anew to Thee and Thy service. Put into the heart of each one of us such a love for Thee that we may truly love our neighbors as ourselves — a love that leaps the boundaries of race or color or creed or kind, that knows no distinction of class, that reaches out a saving hand even unto the least of these our brethren. Fill our lives with the single motive of service, and use us, Lord, use us for Thine own purposes just as Thou wilt, and when and where; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



O Master of men, set our hearts on fire with the desire to know Thy blessed will, and send us forth amongst Thy people to teach and to save. Set our hearts at liberty from the service of ourselves, and let it be our meat and drink to do Thy will. Amen.



Send me, O God, as Thy messenger, to hearts without a home, to lives without love, to the crowds without a compass. Send me to the children whom none have blessed, to the famished whom none have fed, to the sick whom none have visited, to the fallen whom none have lifted, to the lepers whom none have touched, to the bereaved whom none have comforted. Kindle Thy flame on the altar of my heart, that others may be warmed thereby; cause Thy light to shine in my soul, that others may see the way; keep my sympathies and insight ready, my will keen, my hands quick to help my brothers in their need; for Christ's sake. Amen.



Father of all the sons of men, fill our hearts with a love and pity akin to Thine own. Show us the hungry hearts of men and women all about us, strangers in the midst of many people. Blot out of our remembrance all harsh words, and make us ever mindful of the hidden pain that others must endure. To all weaknesses that men bear as a burden from the past, make us very merci-

ful. Show us the hidden tragedies and the hidden heroisms lodged deep in many a heart, and help us to understand. Save us from ever hurting the rightful self-respect of another soul. Make each one of us a radiance on the way, a bearer of the Light Divine. Amen.



O Christ, Thou hast bidden us pray for the coming of Thy Father's Kingdom, in which His righteous will shall be done on earth. We have treasured Thy words, but we have forgotten their meaning, and this great hope has grown dim in Thy Church. We bless Thee for the inspired souls of all the ages who saw afar the shining City of God, and by faith left the profit of the present to follow their vision. We rejoice that to-day the hope of these lonely hearts is becoming the clear faith of millions. Help us, O Lord, in the courage of faith to seize what has now come so near, that the glad day of God may dawn at last. As we have mastered nature that we might gain wealth, help us now to master the social relations of mankind that we may gain justice and a world of brothers. For what shall it profit our nation if it gain numbers and riches, but lose the sense of the living God, and the joy of human brotherhood?

Make us determined to live by truth and not by lies; to found our common life on the eternal foundations of righteousness and love; and no longer to prop the tottering house of wrong by legalized cruelty and force. Help

us to make the welfare of all, the supreme law of our land, that so our commonwealth may be built strong and secure on the love of all its citizens. Cast down the throne of Mammon, who ever grinds the life of men, and set up Thy throne, O Christ, for Thou didst die that men might live. Show Thy erring children at last the way to the City of Love, and so fulfill the longings of the prophets of humanity. Our Master, once more we make Thy faith our prayer: "Thy Kingdom come! Thy will be done on earth!" Amen.



O God, almighty and merciful, who healest those that are broken in heart, and turnest the sadness of the sorrowful to joy; Let Thy fatherly goodness be upon all that Thou hast made. Especially we beseech Thee to remember in pity such as are this day destitute, homeless, or forgotten of their fellow-men. Bless the congregation of Thy poor. Uplift those who are cast down, mightily befriend innocent sufferers, and sanctify to them the endurance of their wrongs. Cheer with hope all discouraged and unhappy people, and by Thy heavenly grace preserve from falling those whose penury tempteth them to sin. Though they be troubled on every side, suffer them not to be distressed; though they be perplexed, save them from despair. Grant this, O Lord, for the love of Him who for our sakes became poor, Thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Jesus, our Master and our Friend, who claimest our service through the needs of our neighbors, grant us so to see Thy image in all our fellow-creatures that in serving mankind we may minister to Thee, the living Saviour of the world. Amen.



O Lord, Thou Lover of Souls, who hast forgiven me all my sins, and brought me into Thy favor, I praise Thee and worship Thee in spirit and in truth; and humbly I pray Thee to write upon my heart the temptations and weaknesses of others, the doubts of many minds and their searchings for Thee.

Take of Thine own Spirit, and lay it upon me — the spirit of fatherly care for the children of Thine house, the spirit of the Saviour's love for the erring and the lost, the Spirit of the Comforter's tenderness and strength for all sad and lonely souls.

Fill my cup every morning with the Water of Life, that I may give to him that is athirst; put into my heart living words from Thee, that nothing I say may fall to the ground and return to Thee void.

Make me eyes to the blind and feet to the lame, that the blessing of him who is ready to perish may fall on my service and rise unto Thee.

And while I labor for Thee among others, let me never forget my own soul, nor the beam in my own eye. Amen.



Almighty Father, who settest our minds on fire with the vision of a more perfect society here on earth, in which justice and righteousness and brotherhood shall be established, and the relationships of mankind organized according to Thy will; Grant to us as humble laborers in that coöperative work with Thee, the inspiration of Thy Presence, that we may think always those things which are just, and do those things which are right; that so through us Thy Will may in a larger measure be established upon the earth; through Christ, our Master. Amen.



A MISSIONARY PRAYER

Dear Lord of our lives, and Master of the hearts of men, who hast commanded that we go forth into all the world and carry Thy message to every creature; Give us faith to believe and grace to obey Thy Word. Make us to understand that this is the common task and the highest privilege of all Thy servants; and that each of us, to the utmost of the opportunity which Thou dost grant, must be Thy messenger, and aid others so to be. To those who go afar, carrying glad tidings and publishing salvation, give Thy largest and richest blessing. Go Thou with them, or else send them not forth; be Thou their strength and stay, and their exceeding great reward. To those of us whose appointed service it is that we remain in our accustomed place, and walk in the familiar

ways, grant such a vision of the great world and its need as shall make us instant and eager sharers in speeding the work, now in the great day of our opportunity. We ask it for the glory of Thy Name. Amen.



O God, with whom a thousand years are as one day, Thou hast called us whose lives pass as a watch in the night into Thy service; Grant that we may so do our work that it shall not need to be undone. Stay, we beseech Thee, the fever in our hearts, and help us to walk in the light of Thine own eternity.



Almighty Father, Thou Lover of the sons of men; Write deep in our hearts the sufferings and needs of many souls and their longing for Thee. Make us eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, and as the shadow of a great rock to those who are wearied by the burden and heat of the day. And grant that having served Thee faithfully in our generation here below, we may find our perfect consummation and joy in serving Thee in those broader fields of life into which it may please Thee to call us at the last. Amen.

**May God bless us all with a
loving sense of His near Presence,
to guide us, to protect us, and to
help us; and may we know what it
is to walk close with Him all our
life long.**

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In his presence.

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